The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

Since a certain portion of the press could not get up a scare over Carlisle's election they now wheel about and speak well of him. His committees are well appointed, as all admit, and these journals affect to believe that the country is not going to Davy Jones by a long shot. Carlisle is one of the few men who should be more numerous.

Since there is a certainty of our railroad being completed some land-owners show a decidedly grasping disposition in their demand for right-of-way damages. Let it be remembered by such that it is not the railroad company that is bled thereby, but their own friends and neighbors who have to foot the bills in order to secure an improvement that benefits all classes. Gentlemen, think of your neighbors, and let up as much as possible—many of them have already paid heavily in taking stock to secure the road and benefit you. You are now dealing with your public spirited neighbors in your own midst, and to show a disposition to bleed them would look a little ungenerous and unkind.

Up here in the breezy valleys of Pennsylvania no one would think of turning up his or her nose about a little matter as Washington gossip says they do at the National capital, viz:

Mrs. Carlisle's place next to the President at the White House upon New Year's day occasioned some dissatisfaction to the ladies of the Cabinet. They have held that the Speaker's wife should have stood below the Cabinet and that the first place should be given to Mrs. Frelinghuysen. Mrs. Carlisle was given the place because her husband occupies the third place in rank under the government, and there was no lady representing the second place to take precedence. The President paid great attention to Mrs. Carlisle, and this has aggravated the social situation, for it is remembered upon last New Year's day he once so far forgot Mrs. Frelinghuysen, who stood next to him, as to turn his back upon her.

Another vexed question of etiquette at Washington is whether the Speaker's wife ranks the wives of the Justices of the Supreme Court. Mrs. Blaine, when her husband was Speaker, refused to call upon the Justices first. Mrs. Carlisle conceeds the position of the Justices' wives and will call upon them all next Monday.

During the year 1883 there were charters granted for 55 railroad companies in this state, covering a total length of 1900½ miles and a capital of $53,756,000. Some of them may be as long a-coming as the Pennsvalley road, and some perhaps may be fooling around much longer.

Who were the first settlers? James Stevenson, of the Geological Survey, reported to Major Powell as one of the results of last season's field operations the discovery of several more ruined cave and cliff cities, differing in some respects from any he had before examined. The most remarkable was a village of sixty-five under ground dwellings situated near the summit of one of the volcanic foothills of the San Francisco mountains, in the San Juan region of Arizona.

Considerable debris was found in these ancient dwellings, and examination of which led to the discovery of many curiosities illustrating some of the social and domestic customs of the extinct race. Stone mauls and axes, the implements used in excavating the dwellings; pottery bearing a great variety of ornamentation; bone awls and needles of delicate workmanship; the metate, or family grinds one, for grain, its well-worn surface indicating long use; shell and obsidian ornaments and implements of wood were among the trophies. There were signs of intercommunication between this village and a cliff city some fifteen miles distant, also a new discovery, which indicated the contemporaneous inhabitancy of the two. This city, or rather cluster of villages occupies the sides of a canyon, which has been christened Walnut Canyon. Nothing indicating the use of metalic tools of any description was discovered. The surface of the wood of which the whirl was formed had apparently been charred and then ground down to the required size and shape by rubbing it upon sandstone—shaft of reed similar to bamboo, a species entirely unknown in that region.

Some say "Consumption can't be cured," Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, as proved for forty years experience, when not already advanced beyond the reach of medical aid, will cure this disease, and insures refreshing sleep.

Mr. N. C. Meyers, Reading, Pa., says: I found Brown's Iron Bitters very beneficial as an appetizer for debility.

——Read the great mark-down sale advertisement by the Bee Hive in REPORTER.

According to the report of R. G. Dunn & Co. the number of business failures in the United States and the amount of liabilites were far greater in 1883 than in any other year since 1878. The failures during the year just closed number 9,184, which is an increase of 2,446, or thirty-six per cent. over those of 1882. The aggregate liabilities of 1883 amounted to nearly $173,000,000, or upward of $70,000,000 more than those for the preceeding year. The steady and rapid increase in the number and amount of failures since 1880 is shown by the following figures:

Year.	Failures.	Liabilities.
1880	4,735	$ 66,752,000
1881	5,582	81,155,732
1882	6,738	101,547,564
1883	9,184	172,874,172

This striking spread of business disasters is due to various causes, but the chief cause is over-production. What is the main cause of over-production? Not free trade or revenue reform.

The Ohio contest for U. S. Senator resulted in favor of Harry B. Payne. In the Democratic caucus Payne had 48, Pendleton 15, Ward 17. Mr. Payne is of Cleveland, and a life-long Democrat. We confess that we would have preferred Thurman to any.

"The Reformation the Work of God," is the title of a handsomely printed pamphlet of a sermon by Rev. L. A. Gotwald, D. D., in St. Paul's Ev. Lutheran church of York, Pa., Nov. 11. The sermon is one of great power, and we prize it highly as a valuable addition to the literature belonging to the 400th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther. Dr. Gotwald has our thanks for a copy of his able discourse.

It is said that Gen. Butler has quit smoking. Now if Massachusetts will quit tanning human hides, then old Ben will not have lived in vain.

The Democrats of the 4th ward, Philadelphia, have pronounced in favor of Sam'l J. Randall for president.

The snow storm last week covered an unusual range, extending from Canada to Georgia, and from New England to the Rockey Mountains, the depth ranging from one to two feet. The railroads are blockaded, and business of all kinds is interrupted. A number of serious accidents and heavy damage and loss of life are reported. On the Atlantic coast a heavy cyclone prevailed on Wednesday morning, doing considerable damage to shipping and places on the coast. In Maine and central New England rain fell in torrents. At Northampton, Mass., there were a great many small fish precipitated with the rain. At Coney Island and Atlantic City the destruction of property is estimated at $1,000,000. The pier at Brighton Beech was carried away. At Atlantic City dwellings, stores and bath houses were carried away by the heavy tides. Much damage was done to the railways on the Meadows.

Well, now we've got 'em—the bloody shirt waving and tariff-crazed radicals—on the Carlisle business. Soon as Carlisle was elected speaker, a howl went up over business ruin to result from his election and the bloody shirt was raised altho' the speaker lives right across from Cincinnati! One would have thought surely the country had about as much Carlisle as it could stand, but now comes President Arthur and puts Mrs. Carlisle forward at his receptions as the first lady of the land!

It is all up with the country now, and the wives of the cabinet ministers and supreme judges are in a terrible stew.

The first dose of Carlisle came from the Democrats—it proved a healthy one. The second dose of Carlisle comes from a stalwart President, and is a good one too—the wives of the cabinet officers and judges to the contrary notwithstanding—and—the country is safe.

This Carlisle business, the REPORTER figures out, is what causes the red sky mornings and evenings. That mystery is solved now.

A bad boy took some paint and dye and fixed up a dog to resemble an escaped menagerie leopard. When the dog found his master he was surprised to see him climb up into the branches of a tree and there remain in the cold. He never saw his master act so before and sat down under the tree and watched if he wasn't going to scare out a squirrel. The man didn't scare him out, but he was awful scared himself, and it was only when the quadruped indulged in a familiar bark that the treed biped came down. The man tore his clothing all to shreds in climbing up and down the tree, and at once went to the Philadelphia Branch for a new suit, which he got so cheap that he enjoyed the joke.

Blain Brothers are obtaianing the necessary supplies of material and expect to resume operations at the Huntingdon Car Works within the next two weeks. All but a few of their creditors have agreed to give them an extension and they hope after a few months of successful business to secure the assent of those who have not yet given it.

One of those large insects called a "snake doctor," *alias* "devil needle," is said to be steering for Miles Walker to sting him into being a candidate for sheriff.

NEW CALENDAR.—The New York *Observer* has published a new and beautiful calendar for 1884, especially designed and printed by Marcus Ward & Co., of London. It will be an ornament to the library, school or office. We will send this elegant calendar to any address, post free, for ten cents. Address, NEW YORK OBSERVER, 31 and 32 Park Row.

For the REPORTER.

"A Final Word on Luther."

Under the above caption an article appears in the REPORTER of last week by one signing himself "Fair-play." It is hardly altogether fair-play to treat it altogether with silent contempt, though it really deserves nothing better than that. Were it not for one thing I would certainly rest satisfied with the just condemnation it has received already by a large portion of those acquainted with its contents. But as the whole tenor of the article betrays the fact that the Zwingli memorial services, held in the Reformed church in Centre Hall New Year's evening, gave birth to it, those not attending these services are shipped entirely wrong about them, should I refuse to correct the false impression that "F." tries to make in his uncalled for article.

1. By taking up his pen "F." only exhibits the condition of his own mind and heart as exceedingly sensitive and full of unwholesome prejudices; unwilling to bear testimony to the merits of any other reformer except Luther and therefore he is given to such fearful prevarications as his article contains, attempting therewith to suppress the otherwise very favorable impressions which were left on the minds of the people attending our memorial services. Afraid, no doubt, that his rage would leave him, he takes the next day to it (Jan. 2) to pour out his wrath.

2. We deny, in toto, the assertion that any attempts were made to "belittle Luther." That the great Saxon Reformer had human weaknesses to contend with, no honest historian ever denied, and if "F." wishes to make it so appear he must first prove that Luther was superhuman. Having weaknesses, Luther would, at times, run into extremes and needed Philip Melanchton to "touch up" more of his outlining than simply the Augsburg Confession. Saying this we make no attempt to "belittle Luther," we simply assign for him his lawful place among men and claim that whoever goes beyond that idolizes him to an unlawful degree.

3. We claim that the man, who in the light of the 19th century, says that Luther "did right" by not giving his hand to Zwingli (offering his own in tears) is not to be envied. Zwingli's relation to the Roman Catholic church caused him to carefully "prove all things and hold fast to the good," but shall we for that reason "belittle" him? Imagine all the other disciples of our Lord refusing the right hand of fellowship to Thomas because he doubted the resurrection of Christ prior to his handling and touching Him! Think of all the ministers and the laity of the Lutheran church ("F." among them to take the lead and for all we know himself a minister of the gospel,) refusing the right hand of fellowship tendered them by ministers and laity of other Christian denominations—Presbyterian, Methodists, Evangelical, Reformed, etc.—because, forsooth, they hold different doctrinal views on the Lord's Supper. Being told by these Lutherans, in the language of Luther, 'Ye are of different spirits" from what we are, therefore, you cannot be recognized as brethren! Would not the religious sentiment of to-day unite in solemn protest and exclaim, "from such Christianity, good Lord, deliver us!" and yet that is what "F." claims to have been right in Luther, and calls everybody who differs with him by hard names.

4. At another place in the article we notice that even "F." himself admits Luther to have been wrong. It is with regard to his view on the Lord's Supper. If this is to be his "final word on Luther" then he will certainly not take back what he says, and we are justified in counting him among those whom he accuses of "belittling Luther." To quote his own words, he says: "Luther's view concerning the Lord's Supper underwent a change," and with overbearing vanity adds, "but not toward Zwinglianism," as though that were a fearful belittling of Luther. As he fails to tell us in which direction this change took its mystic flight, he leaves us under the impression that its course was towards Rome, for Luther's view on the Lord's Supper was so near the Roman view, that to change it in the slightest degree in an opposite direction from what "F." calls "Zwinglianism" would land it at once in the Romish doctrine of Transubstantiation.

5. Further on "F." labors hard to strike back on the score of "belittling" reformers. He repeats, a little more cautiously however, what we heard a Lutheran minister not long ago get off in an attempted eulogy on Luther. It is this: "That Zwingli signed the Augsburg Confession," which says "F.," "was outlined and inspired by Luther and only "touched up" by Melanchton." This being merely an assertion and not shown to be a fact, it is not worthy of refutation, but employed as it has been heretofore and now again by "F." to make capital out of and thereby to belittle Zwingli. "F." has only framed those impious and uncharitable epithets or phrases: "(A bigot or a wilful ecclesiastical trickster * * * working for selfish purposes,") with which he closes his frantic article to describe his own mind and heart. But the Swiss Reformer needs no defense from me. His life and character will stand anyhow and when a disinterested paper like the Philadelphia "Press,' says of him: "The Protestant church of to-day has vibrated nearer to Zwingle than to Luther" it means more than anything which "F." can say to the contrary.

6. The spirit which pervades the entire article speaks for itself. Those attending our memorial services will know it to be a willful attempt to misconstrue certain things that were honestly, fairly and kindly stated by one of the speakers; weighing carefully every word he uttered and quoting Lutheran authors of highest rank in support of his remarks. More than that, he gave Martin Luther credit for his honest convictions, sincere piety and moral worth, and now "F." following all this up with his angry words, has only belittled himself, whilst Luther's ashes remain undisturbed as before. At all events if "F." disagrees with what has been said on that occasion, why not meet it frankly, with a becoming, Christian spirit rather than resort to rude phrases and abusive epithets?

S. M. R.

Centre Hall, Pa.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Monday, January 7.

Hon. David Sankey, the father of Mr. Sankey, Moody's well known colaborer, is dead.

Col. John Irwin Nevin, editor of the Pittsburgh (Va.) Leader, died after a protracted illness of Bright's disease.

Neither the steamship Marathon nor the Baltic which have arrived at Queenstown have seen the overdue steamer Celtic.

The revenue return of the dominion government ending December 31, show a surplus over all expenditures of $2.805,397.

W. E. Phelps & Co., of Elmwood, Ill., operators of coal miners and machine shops has made an assignment. Liabilities $70,-000.

Tuesday, January 8.

An autopsy has determined the fact that Dr. Lasker died of heart disease.

Henry George was given a hearty welcome on his arrival in England.

Dorsey is defendant in an $800,000 suit instituted by the Palo Cattle company of Santa Fe.

H. D. Bartley, a nephew of Gen. and Senator Sherman, is accused of bigamy and denies his guilt.

Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, has been appointed apostolic delegate to preside at the coming Catholic council.

Two Yale student members of the Glee club have been seriously injured in a railroad accident at Charleston, Ind.

An unusual number of destructive fires is reported from the west and great loss of life by reason of the intense cold weather.

The Bothnia passed a disabled four masted steamer proceeding under sail, which her captain believes to be the missing Celtic.

Wednesday, January 9.

Ice has closed the Ohio river to navigation.

An $80,000 fire in New York destroyed the coffin factory of Smith, Winston & Co.

A gang of expert counterfeiters has been uncovered and captured at Lincoln, Neb.

Mrs. Langtry appears with some success in "Peril" at the Fifth Avenue theatre in New York.

An American customs union against France and Germany for excluding hog products is proposed.

A bill has been introduced in the house to pay bounties to men who enlisted during the war for short terms.

No traces have been found of Charles Delmonico, one of the New York restaurateurs, who disappeared last Saturday.

Secretary Folger has written a letter to the speaker urging an appropriation to supply the increasing demand for one and two dollar notes.

Thursday, January 10.

Commissioner Dudley pronounces untrue the story of unjust discriminations in the allowance of pensions.

W. A. Newell is petitioning the president for reappointment as governor of Washington Territory.

Henry Villard resigned from the directorship of the West Shore railroad, thus severing the last link of his career in Wall street.

Brewster Cameron, general agent of the department of justice, has submitted a report of the works of his office to the attorney general.

By a collision of two engines at Buffalo, one of them was demolished, and engineer Brown and fireman Johnson were seriously injured.

Copies of vouchers sent to the senate show that over $100,000 were paid to special attorneys and detectives on account of the star route trials.

Head Constable Doyle and six other men were indicted yesterday for participation in the Harbor Grace riots and the murder of Callaghan.

At the request of Brooklyn representative Secretary Folger has ordered Architect Bell to make preliminary examinations to locate a site for the Brooklyn United States building for which an appropriation of $800,000 has already been made.

Friday, January 11.

The snow blockade continues at Bradford, Pa.

The American bishops have returned from Rome.

The snow at Leadville is from five to seven feet deep.

Four Mexican laborers have been killed by Rustlers at Los Vegas.

James McCrane killed Henry J. Ranch in Painsville, Ohio, and escaped.

It is thought that the young woman found murdered in Elmira was Laura Hass, of Troy.

The factory of the Ætna Match company, at New Haven, has been burned. Loss, $10,000.

It is reported an American naval officer has gone to Dundee to charter a whaler, to go in search of Greely.

The cattle commission recommends important increase in the powers of the secretary of the treasury in restricting cattle contagion.

There were 1,200 responses to the call for recruits in the district of Montreal. It is required that each man must be a bona fide British subject.

C. D. Gilmore, a lawyer of Washington, has begun a suit against Hon. Carl Schurz for disbarring him from practice. His damage is placed at $300,000.

William Appleford, a man of bad character, has been arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the attempted murder and robbery of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Townsend, of Oyster Bay.

Saturday, January 12.

There is intense excitement at Sycamore and other Illinois towns over the developments in the grave robberies.

The two Fitzpatrick brothers, confined in the Columbia, Ky., jail for the murder of a man named Adair, will be hanged Feb. 29.

The roof of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad at Jersey City fell in and crushed John Jourdan so that he may die.

The ice in the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers has caused considerable damages to property along the banks, and trouble is feared when the gorge breaks up.

Bills have been introduced in the New York legislature for the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of liquor, and for the abolition of the convict labor system.

The Philadelphia election will soon be held and things look very blue for the republican nominees for Mayor and other city offices.

The Republican nominations are characterized by the *Times* as "the Republican suicide." The *Ledger* says they are "a slap in the face of the prevailing Republican sentiment of Philadelphia." The *Press* is dissatisfied at Hunter's defeat for Receiver of Taxes. The *Record* says it is a rebuff to the Reformers, but means the reorganization of the party under new leaders. The Democrats will probably renominate Mayor King, indorse Hunter's independent candidacy and put Furman Shepherd or George M. Dallas on their ticket for City Solicitor.

DOUBLE EXECUTION.

Martin and Graves Hanged in Newark —Pitiful Scenes at the Gallows.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 3.—The usual hour for breakfast with the prisoners in the Essex county jail is half past nine o'clock, but this morning it was served two hours earlier, so that the inmates of the cells in the east hall might be removed from sight of the gallows upon which Robert Martin and James B. Graves were to be hanged. Martin took leave of three of his sons—the eldest, Alfred, not being present—at eleven o'clock last night, after making a will, which Judge Tibworth drew up, bequeathing his property in equal parts to his children.

Sheriff Wright was prepared to enact the penalty of the law in Martin's case at ten o'clock promptly, but he was delayed fifteen minutes waiting for the county physician, Dr. Hewett. Then the sheriff, Deputy Sheriff Davis, the Rev. Dr. Goodwin, the Rev. A. L. Wood, the two constables who served the last death watch and hangman Van Hise emerged into the jail and conducted the prisoner through the passageway to the warden's office and thence to the corridor where the gallows was erected. In passing through the office, while Dr. Goodwin was reading the Episcopal service for the dying, Martin raised his eyes and glanced at the crowd of persons present. The condemned walked with a lowered head and firm step under the scaffold and in three minutes after leaving his room the drop fell which sent him into eternity.

The drop fell at twenty seven minutes after ten. The scene was painful in the extreme. His arms were not properly pinioned, and his left hand was lifted to his coat lapel, trying to reach the rope. Had the effort succeeded the scene must have been terrible. The knot of the rope slipped around to the throat. Martin was evidently in the greatest agony for fully three minutes. He was suspended fifteen minutes per the surgeon's report, to which was added the report of death by asphyxiation, compression of the blood vessels of the neck and of the trachea.

At three minutes after eleven o'clock Graves was brought from his room down the eastern stairs that lead to the warden's office. While descending the stairs his cries, moans and whining could be heard throughout the building. Constables Benedict and Lang were on either side of him. At the foot of the stairs he became so limp that his knees reached the floor. The officers held him by the arms and prevented him from falling prostrate. While waiting for the opening of the door leading to the corridor in which the gallows stood the condemned increased his piteous cries and a shudder of horror ran the crowd. It was one of the most terrible sights, Cornett's execution excepted, ever witnessed on such an occasion. As the iron door leading to the corridor opened, the officers dragged the half lifeless form of Graves beneath the gallows, and held him while the clamps were attached to the noose about his neck. He was hanged at four minutes past eleven o'clock. He whined and cried until the drop fell.

EX-GOV. BUTLER.

A Characteristic Act of the Retiring Executive.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 3.—At noon Gov. Benjamin F. Butler left the state house and became ex-governor. At the same hour ex-congressman and gov.-elect George D. Robinson assumed the full powers of the chief executive, and before the two bodies, composing the state lawmakers, delivered his inaugural address. The last hours of Gov. Butler's administration were marked by one of his characteristic acts. Not until yesterday did the gov.-elect, Mr. Robinson, send his resignation as member of congress from the twelfth congressional district to Gov. Butler. The document opened by announcing the election of the resigner as governor as a cause for his act. To this Gov. Butler replied, accepting the resignation, adding that "the reason prompting the same being so entirely satisfactory to a majority of the people of the state." The satire of the letter has raised a general laugh. He also ordered a special election to fill the vacancy on the 17th inst.

Samson's Legs and Locks.

When Delilah clipped off Samson's locks that mighty athlete at once became "as other men." If it could be proved that the possession of luxuriant hair would enable men to tear open lion's jaws, Hiscox & Co. would be driven wild in the effort to supply enough of Parker's Hair Balsam to meet the demand. As it is the Balsam prevents your hair falling out, and restores the original color if faded or gray. Besides it is a great addition to the toilet table simply as a dressing. jan

RATHER TOO LONG.

After Twenty Years on the Wrong Side of Life a Virginian Turns the Tables.

"How long did you say?"

"Twenty years I said. Up to the time I mentioned I had suffered from diseased liver for twenty years," said Mr. S. T. Hancock, of Richmond, Va., half sadly, as though thinking of that dilapidated section of his life. "At times I almost wished it had pleased Providence to omit the liver from the human anatomy."

"Bad enough—twenty years of that sort of thing," responded a listener. "What was the upshot of it?"

"The upshot of it was some time ago I went to Scott's drug store in this city, and bought one of BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTERS, applied it and was relieved in a few hours, and am now as sound as though my liver were made of india-rubber."

Benson's—unlike the old fashioned kind of plasters—act promptly. Look for the word "Capcine" which is cut in the genuine. Price 25 cents. Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York. jan

It is reported that a tremendous ice gorge is forming in the Susquehanna at Port Deposit, and the river rising rapidly. The people of the town are flying with their effects to the highlands. The situation is very grave. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad bridge, building at Port Deposit, and a big bridge at Havre de Grace are threatened.

Mrs. Lucretia Patterson, wife of Senator John J. Patterson, of South Carolina, died of heart disease, on 8.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—Here it is again, brighter and better than ever; the cover alone, with its delicate tinted background and its dish of gracefully arranged flowers, would entitle it a permanent place in every home. The book contains 3 beautiful colored plates, is full of illustrations, printed on the best of paper, and is filled with just such information as is required by the gardner, the farm, those growing plants, and every one needing seeds or plants. The price, only ten cents, can be deducted from the first order sent for goods. All parties any way interested in this subject should send at once to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., for the Floral Guide.

WHERE THE FIRE IS OUT.

Magic No More a Mystery—Seen From Across the World.

"Haround of Aleppo," said Sir Philip Derval, "had mastered every secret in nature which the nobler magic seeks to fathom. He discovered that the true art of healing is to assist Nature to throw off the disease—to summon, as it were, the whole system to eject the enemy that has fastened on a part. His processes all include the reinvigoration of the principle of life.

In this the Eastern sage merely anticipated the practice of the best physicians of to-day. What life itself is, nobody knew then—nobody knows now. But we have learned something of the reasons why the mysterious tide rises and falls. Provided the great organs of the body are not irreparably destroyed, medical science can always relieve and often save. Yet no reputable physician now adhears to the barbarous and stupid processes of depletion such as bleeding, by which it was attempted to cure a disease by reducing the patient's ability to resist it. Now-a-days we do not tear down the fort to help the garrison—we strenghten it.

In this intelligent and beneficient work, it is conceeded that PARKER'S TONIC leads all other medicines. As an invigorant it acts immediately and powerfully upon the circulation and the organs of digestion, thus giving Nature the assistance she calls for. It follows that all ailments of the stomach, kidneys and liver are at once relieved or cured. No other preparation embodies the same qualities or produces similar results. It is delicious to use, and the best known anti-intoxicant. Price 50c and $1. HISCOX & Co., N. Y.

APPLICATION FOR LICENSE.—Notice is hereby given that the following named persons have filed their petitions for license in the office of the clerk of the court of Quarter Sessions of the peace in and for Centre county and that application will be made to the next sessions of said court to grant the same:

O H Brady	Philipsburg	Saloon
F P M'Closkey	"	Bottler
Peter Ashcroft	"	Tavern
Robert Taylor	"	Wholesale
Sarah Searson	"	Restaurant
A S Goodrich	Rush	Tavern
George Levi	Bellefonte	Wholesale
John Waller	"	"
A Baum	"	"
C M Heisler	"	Saloon
Geo. Hazel	Snow Shoe	"
James Redding	"	"
S H Kunes	Liberty twp.	Tavern
James L Delong	"	"
A E Graham	"	Saloon
Charles Bolipue	"	Saloon
Cook Condo	Miles twp	Tavern

J. C. HARPER, Clerk.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined, passed and remain filed of record in this register's office for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors and all others in any wise interested, and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre county on Wednesday, the 16th day of January, A. D. 1884, for allowance and confirmation.

1. The account of Joseph Baker, acting executor of &c. of Martin Houser, late of Harris (now College) township, deceased.
2. Second account of Joseph Baker executor of &c. of David Etters, late of College township, deceased.
3. The account of Charlotte Eckenroth, administrator of &c. of Henry Eckenroth, late of Spring township, deceased.
4. The first and final account of Dr. P. T. Musser, administrator of &c. of John D Foote, late of Millheim borough, dec'd.
5. Account of Ambrose McMullin, executor of &c, of Thomas McQuillin, late of Walker twp., dec'd.
6. The account of Isaac S Frain, guardian of &c, of Samuel J Loder, a minor child of Margaret J Loder, late of Marion township, deceased.
7. First and partial account of Henry Keen, administrator of &c of the estate of John Keen late of Penn township deceased.
8. The account W. H. Beck and J Z Long, administrator of &c of W W Beck, late of marion township, deceased.
9. The account of D. S. Keller, executor of &c, of Daniel Kimport, late of Harris twp., dec'd.
10. The account of John Myers, guardian of Wm. Lincoln Shuey, Robert E Shuey and Frances M Shuey, minor children of Daniel and Lydia Shuey, dec'd
11. The account of Michael Nofsker, trustee under the will of Lot Evans, of Marin Treaster, as filed by Jane Nofsker, executrix of Michael Nofsker, dec.

JAMES A. M'CLAIN, Register.

THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES

THE TIMES will enter upon the new year stronger and more prosperous than ever before in its history—more widely read and more heartily commended, and more fiercely criticized, with a more complete organization, and an abler staff of contributors—and with the same independence and fearlessness that has made it successful and powerful in the past.

The TIMES has no party to follow, no candidates to advance, but will meet every issue, as it has ever done, with consistent devotion to the right, to honest government, and the public welfare. And, while maintaining its position as the leading journal of Philadelphia, it will aim to be continually in the advance in all that can add value to a newspaper.

The value of a newspaper is not in its size or display, but in the intelligence and care, the conciseness and freshness with which it is edited. The TIMES spends lavishly for news from all parts of the world, but all its dispatches are carefully edited and condensed, in order to give the complete news of the day in the most concise and attractive shape, and with a large variety of entertaining and instructive reading. The best writers at home and abroad are employed to enrich its columns, and to make it a journal adapted both to the busy men and to the leisure of the home circle, a welcome visitor to intelligent and honest citizens of every political, religious, and social taste.

The WEEKLY TIMES is altogether different from the weekly newspapers of twenty years ago. The day of those papers is gone by. The telegraph and better local newspapers, especially in the thriving centres of rural population, have made the old weekly metropolitan newspaper unsatisfying. Those that cling to their ancient usages have lost their hold on our forward-moving people; they are but shadows of their former greatness, and they have but a shadow of their former power. Those papers have had their usefulness, but it is gone; and, with it, they are going, too. It was not the fault of the papers; it was the improvement of the country that brought about the change. Men and women, wherever they live, now require fresher news; and they require more than news.

The WEEKLY TIMES gathers off the types of every passing week whatever has lasting interest to people at large, and sets it before them in such generosity of paper and print as would have astonished us all 20 years ago.

DAILY—Twelve cents a week, fifty cents a month, $6 a year, two cents a copy.

SUNDAY—Four cents a copy, $2 a year.

WEEKLY—One copy $2 a year, five copies $8 a year, ten copies $15 a year, twenty copies $25 a year, with one copy free to the getter up of every club.

THE TIMES,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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MY NEIGHBOR AND I.

Oh, I pitty my neighbor over the way,
Who has nothing to do but to yawn all day;
No little hands to tumble her hair,
No little "nuisance" to vex her care,
No little "torment" to worry and tease,
Nothing to do but consult her own ease.

Poor, rich neighbor, I am sorry for you—
Sorry, because you have "nothing to do."
Sorry, because as the days go by
You are restless and weary, you know not why,
And once in a while I can see the trace
Of many a tear on your proud, fair face.

You see I am only a laborer's wife,
Doing my part in the treadmill of life;
Joe, my husband, is off all day,
Fighting the giants of want away;
Baby and I are busy, too,
But we've plenty of time to be sorry for you.

Baby's a nuisance, a plague, and a joy,
But then, you see, he's my own sweet boy;
I have no time for a groan or a sigh,
No time to be idle as the days go by;
My arms are full as the day is long,
Full as my heart with its happy song.

Poor, rich neighbor, over the way,
Watching my baby and me at play;
What of your wealth if your heart is bare?
'Tis to love and be loved that makes life so fair.
No, neighbor mine, I can tell you true,
Indeed, I'd rather be I than you.

A GIRL'S FOLLY.

A small, superior cottage of bright red-brick, sweet-scented woodbine trailing over its rustic porch, a green lawn before it surrounded by flowers, and a charming country landscape spreading out in the distance. Inside, in its small but pretty parlor, on the red table-cover waited the tea-tray, with its cups and saucers. The window stood open to the still, warm autumn air, and the French porcelain clock on the mantel-piece was striking five.

A slender girl of some 20 years came in. She was very lovely. But her bright blue eyes bore a sort of weary or discontented look, and her bright brown hair was somewhat ruffled. She wore a print washing-dress of black and white, neither very smooth nor very fresh, and a lace neck collar fastened with a bow of black ribbon.

She had made an appointment to meet Reginald Vavasour, a rich young gentleman who had made her acquaintance down by the willow walk, and her lover, Thomas Watkyn, had told her he would call that evening. Just before he left, she said:

"May I ask you to do me a little favor, Thomas?"

"What is it?" he repeated.

"If you would not very much mind going home by the hill and would leave this note at Miss Ford's. I particularly wish her to have it this evening."

He paused for an instant, not replying. She went on hurriedly:

"I see that it is disagreeable to you. I have offended you too much."

"Not that," he answered, holding out his hand for the note. "But I can hardly spare the time for the long way this evening, as I have to call at Killick's for my father. However—" he said no more, but took the note.

"Good-by, Thomas."

"Good-by."

"I'm glad he took the note. I shall be safe now."

Miss Alison Reece was a clever young lady. The direct and near way to Mr. Watkyn's home would lead him past the willow walk. She had devised this impromptu note to her dreasmaker in the afternoon to prevent his taking that usual route. Had he seen young Vavasour cooling his heels within the precincts of the willow walk he would inevitably suspect he was waiting to keep a lover's tryst.

Alison was busy in the kitchen next morning when she heard her mother open the front door and some one come in. "It is that chattering Mrs. Bennett," thought she, as she dried the teaspoons.

"Alison, come here, called her mother, in a quick voice.

She went to the parlor just as she was—her sleeve turned back at the wrist, a large, brown Holland apron on. Very pretty she looked with it all. But it was not Mrs. Bennett who sat with her mother; it was a venerable, white-haired old gentleman—Mr. Watkyn, the elder,

"I am come to ask about Thomas," said he. "I believe he came here last night, Miss Alison; at what time did he leave you?"

A prevision struck her with a sort of terror that something was wrong. "He left quite early," she faltered.

"Well, he has never come home."

"Not come home!" she said, with a whitening face.

"I sat up till 1 o'clock, and then I thought the mist must have kept him; that he had stayed at some friends house. I knew not what to think, and that he would be home the first thing this morning. But we have not seen him, and I cannot hear of him."

Mrs. Reece was impressed with the frightened, guilty took that Alison could not keep out of her countenance, and began to feel uneasy. "Cannot you tell what time it was when he left you?" he demanded, sternly.

"It was after dusk. It was just after sunset—before the mist came on. It must have been near 7 o'clock."

"Which road did he take?" pursued Mrs. Reece. And very reluctantly Alison answered, for she foresaw it would bring on further questioning:

"The long road—round by the hill?"

"Round by the hill?" echoed Mr. Watkyn in alarmed surprise. "Why did he take that way?"

Alison flushed and paled alternately; her lips were trembling. The fear creeping upon her was that he and young Vavasour had met and quarreled. Perhaps fought and injured one another fatally. In these dread moments of suspense the mind is apt to conjure up far-fetched and unlikely thoughts.

"I asked him to go around that way," she replied, in a timid tone. "I wanted him to leave a note for me at the dressmaker's.

Old Mr. Watkyn sank into a chair, putting his hands before his troubled face. "I see it all," he breathed faintly. "He must have fallen down the Scar."

Alison uttered a scream of horror.

"Deceived by the mist, he must have walked too near the edge," continued the old man. "Heaven grant that it may not be so, but I fear it. Was he mad, to attempt to cross the plateau on such a night?"

Catching up his hat, Mr. Watkyn went out swiftly. Mrs. Reece grabbed her daughter's hands. They were icy cold.

"Alison, what passed between you and Thomas last night?"

"Don't ask me, mother. Let me follow Mr. Watkyn. I cannot rest indoors. Oh, it cannot, cannot be as he fears?"

"Not one step until you tell me what passed," said the mother firmly. "There's more in all this than meets the eye."

"He asked me to—give up talking to Mr. Vavasour.

"And you refused. Well?"

"He told me I must choose between them," continued Alison, bursting into tears. "Oh, mother, it was all my folly, all my temper; he could not see that, and when he went away he said he went for good."

Mrs. Reece drew in her thin lips sternly. She was thinking.

"And what does it mean about your giving him a note for the dressmaker? I do not understand. You had nothing to write about."

The girl had got her hands free and flung them before her face to deaden the sobs. But Mrs. Reece was a resolute mother at times, and she extorted the confession. Alison had improvised the note and sent Thomas around the long way to deliver it, and so keep him from passing by the willow walk.

"Oh, child, child!" moaned the dismayed woman. "If he has indeed fallen over the Scar it is you who have given him his death."

And it proved to be so. In taking the two miles round between the cottage and the farm a high and perpendicular precipice, called the Scar, had to be passed. The tableland, or plateau on the top was wide and a perfectly safe road by daylight, since a traveler could keep as far from the unprotected edge as he pleased, but on a dark night, or in a thick fog it was most dangerous. Thomas Watkyn must have drawn near the edge unwittingly and fallen over it. There he lay, on the sharp rock, when the poor father and others went to look for him, his death-like face upturned toward the blue sky.

"Speak to me, Thomas, speak to me!" wailed Alison quite beside herself with remorse and grief, as she knelt by him, wringing her hands. "Oh, Thomas, speak to me! I loved you all the while."

But Thomas neither spoke nor moved. The voice that had nothing but tender words was silent now; the heart she had so grieved might never beat in sorrow or joy again.

No person had seen or spoken with him after quitting her the previous night save the dressmaker, little industrious Miss Ford. She had answered the knock herself, she related, and he put the note into her hands, saying, "Miss Reece had asked him to leave it in passing. What a thick mist it is that has come on," he remarked to her in his pleasant, chatty way. "Aye, it is indeed, sir," she answered, and shut her door as he walked away.

For many weeks Alison Reece lay ill with brain fever, hovering between life and death. Some people said it was the shock that made her ill and took her senses away; others thought that she must have loved the poor young man to distraction; no one, save her mother, knew it was the memory of her last interview with him, and the scheming to send him on the route that led to his accident, that had well nigh killed her. But the young are strong in their tenacity of life. And she grew better by slow degrees.

One warm April afternoon, when the winter months had given place to spring, Alison, leaning on the arm of her mother, went to sit on the porch. She was very feeble yet. It was the first she had sat there since that memorable evening with her ill-fated lover. There she remained thinking and dreaming. They could not persuade her to come in, and so wrapped her in a warm shawl.

Sunset came on, and was almost as beautiful, curious, perhaps, that it should be so, as the one he and she had watched together more than six months before. The brilliant beams shone like molten gold in the glowing west, the blue sky around was flecked with pink and amethyst. Alison's eyes were fixed on the lovely scene with an enraptured gaze, her lips slightly parting with emotions.

"Alison, what are you thinking of?"

"Of him, mother. Of his happiness. He is living in all that glorious beauty. I think there must have been an unconscious prevision in his mind by what he said that evening as we watched it, that he should soon be there. Oh, mother, I wish I was going to him! I wish I could be with him to-morrow.

The mother paused; she felt inclined to say something, but she feared the agitation it might cause.

"Well, well, child, you are getting better," she presently answered.

"Yes, I do get better," sighed the girl. "I suppose it pleased God that I should."

"Time smoothes all things, Alison. In time you will be strong again and able to fulfil life's various duties with a zest. Trials are good—oh so very good! for the soul. But for meeting with them we might never learn the way to heaven."

Alison did not answer. Her feeble hands were clasped in silent prayer, her face was lifted to the glories of the evening sky.

It was at the same sunset hour, an evening or two later, that Alison, who was picking up strength daily, strolled away to the churchyard. She wanted to look for a newly-made grave in that corner where so many of the Watkyns lay buried.

She could not see it; the same gravestones that were there before were there now; there was no fresh one.

"Perhaps they opened the old vault for him," thought Alison, as she sat down on a bench just inside the gate, for she was too weak to walk back again without a rest.

The sun was going down to-night without any loveliness, just as a crimson ball, which seemed to give red light to the atmosphere, and to light up redly the face of a pale, tottering man who was coming up to the gate by the help of a stick. He halted when he reached it. Alison turned sick and faint with all manner of emotions as she gazed at him, fright being uppermost.

"Alison!"

"Thomas!"

He held out his hand; he came inside; his pale, sad face wore for her its old sweet expression.

"Oh, Thomas, I thought you were dead," she burst out in a storm of sobs. "I came here to look for your grave. I thought I had killed you."

"They thought I was dead at first. They thought for a long time that I should die," he answered, as he sat down beside her, keeping her hand in his. "But the skillful medical men have raised me up, under God. I hope in time to be strong and well again."

"Can you ever forgive me?" she wailed, bitter, painful tears falling down her cheeks like rain. "I shall never forgive myself."

"No! Then you must atone to me instead, Alison. Be all the more loving to me during our future lives. We must pass them together, my dear."

"Do you mean it still?" she gasped. "Oh, Thomas, how good and true you are. If I can only be a little bit worthy of you."

They walked home slowly, arm in arm. Neither could walk fast yet. Mrs. Reece came to the porch to meet them. God is full of mercy, she thought.

"I did not tell her, Thomas," she said; "she was so dreadfully low when she came out of the fever. I meant to tell her to-night."

"I have told her myself; it was best so," answered Thomas Watkyn.

Camphor.

Camphor is made in Japan in this way: After a tree is felled to the earth it is cut up into chips, which are laid in a tub on a large iron pot partially filled with water and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub steam slowly rises and, heating the chips, generates oil and camphor. Of course the tub with the chips has a closely fitting cover. From this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubes with bamboo connections, and the last of these tubes is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass to the lower compartment. The upper compartment is supplied with a straw layer which catches and holds the camphor in crystal in deposit as it passes to the cooling process. The camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs, and is ready for the market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes

"How did you like my discourse this morning?" asked Parson Goodenough of Deacon Lightweight, the village grocer, as they walked home from church last Sunday morning. "Too long, brother, too long," replied the frank deacon; "I believe in having everything short." Yes, I've noticed that in your weights, deacon," said the sarcastic parson.

The best method of disposing of half the slanders of the age is to pay them no attention. The other half may be lived down.

One of Paul Jones Exploits.

One of the most stirring chapters in the history of the navy of the American Revolution is that which tells the story of the four-weeks' cruise of John Paul Jones with the frigate Ranger, in the Irish channel, in the spring of 1778. The Ranger was an 18-gun sloop, crank, slow, and of such poor repute that she was not thought good enough for so able a commander, while her subordinate officers seem to have been an indifferent lot. She had a gallant Yankee crew, however, and was so brilliantly handled by her dashing captain that for nearly a month she alone spread consternation along the English, Scottish and Irish coasts. Jones's success was owing in a great degree to his audacity. He ventured into the land-locked waters of his enemy, fought, as Cooper says, with a halter around his neck, hesitated at no enterprise however rash, and never shirked an engagement. He captured the Drake sloop of war, after a short fight on equal terms, and having made other prizes, and done a variety of mischief at Whitehaven and elsewhere he sailed safely away by the North channel. It is said that the Ranger was the first man-of-war to show the stars and stripes, the present national ensign having been adopted by Congress on the very day that Jones was ordered to the frigate.

Perhaps there is no exploit of this famous cruise which has been more widely celebrated than the descent upon the country-seat of the earl of Selkirk, at St Mary's Isle, on the Scotch side of Solway firth. This was near Jones's birthplace, his father, John Paul, having been gardener on the neighboring estate of Mr. Craik, of Arbigland. The object of the expedition was to seize Lord Selkirk, it being supposed that a prisoner of his rank might be useful in affecting the treatment of American prisoners in the hands of the British. Jones went ashore with a single boat's crew, but learning that the earl was absent he was about to retire when his men remonstrated. After some discussion he allowed them to go to the house and ask for plate. Two junior officers were with them Lady Selkirk received the officers (the men remaining outside), and surrendered about £100 worth of plate, upon which the party withdrew without doing any further harm. A few days later Jones wrote the following letter to Lady Selkirk:—

JOHN PAUL JONES TO THE COUNTESS OF SELKIRK.

"RANGER," Brest, 8th May, 1778.

Madam: It cannot be too much lamented that, in the profession of arms, the officer of fine feeling and of real sensibility should be under the necessity of winking at any action of persons under his command which his heart cannot approve; but the reflection is doubly severe when he finds himself obliged, in appearanne, to countenance such actions by his authority.

This hard case was mine, when, on the 23d of April last, I landed on St Mary's Isle. Knowing Lord Selkirk's interest with his king, and esteeming as I do his private character, I wished to make him the happy instrument of alleviating the horrors of hopeless captivity, when the brave are overpowered and made prisoners of war.

It was perhaps fortunate for you, madam, that he was from home, for it was my intention to have taken him on board of the Ranger, and to have detained him until, through his means, a general and fair exchange of prisoners, as well in Europe as in America, had been effected.

When I was informed by some men whom I met at landing that his lordship was absent, I walked back to my boat, determined to leave the island. By the way, however, some officers who were with me could not forbear expressing their discontent; observing that in America no delicacy was shown by the English, who took away all sorts of movable property, setting fire not only to towns and to the houses of the rich without distinction, but not even sparing the wretched hamlets and milch cows of the poor and helpless, at the approach of an inclement winter. That party had been with me the same morning at Whitehaven; some complaisance therefore was their due. I had but a moment to think how I might gratify them and at the same time do your ladyship the least injury. I charged the two officers to permit none of the seamen to enter the house, or to hurt anything about it; to treat you, madam, with the utmost respect; to accept of the plate which was offered and to come away without making a search or demanding anything else. I am induced to believe that I was punctually obeyed, since I am informed that the plate which they brought away is far short of the quantity expressed in the inventory which accompanied it. I have gratified my men; and when the plate is sold I shall become the purchaser, and will gratify my own feelings by restoring it to you by such conveyance as you please to direct.

Had the earl been on board the Ranger the following evening he would have seen the awful pomp and dreadful carnage of a sea engagement; both affording ample subject for the pencil, as well as melancholy reflection to the contemplative mind. Humanity starts back from such scenes of horror, and cannot (sufficiently) execrate the vile promoters of this detestable war—

"For they, 'twas they unsheathed the ruthless blade,
And heaven shall ask the havoc it has made."

The British ship-of-war Drake, mounted 20 guns, with more than her full completement of officers and men. . . . The ships met, and the advantage was disputed with great fortitude on each side for an hour and four minutes, when the gallant commander of the Drake fell and victory declared in favor of the Ranger. The amiable lieutenant lay mortally wounded, besides nearly 40 of the inferior officers and crew, killed and wounded. A melancholy demonstration of this uncertainty of human prospect and of the sad reverse of fortune which an hour can produce. I buried them in a spacious grave with the honors due to the memory of the brave. Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the right of men, yet I am not in arms as an American, nor am I in pursuit of riches. My fortune is liberal enough, having no wife or family, and having lived long enough to know that riches cannot ensure happiness. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of climate or of country which diminish the benevolence of the heart and set bounds to philanthropy. Before this war began I had at an early time of life withdrawn from the sea service, in favor of "calm contemplation and poetic ease." I have sacrificed not only my favorite scheme of life, but the softer affections of the heart and my prospects of domestic happiness, and I am ready to sacrifice my life also with cheerfulness, if that forfeiture could restore peace and goodwill among mankind. As the feelings of your gentle bosom cannot be congenial with mine, let me entreat you, madam, to use your persuasive art with your husbond's to endeavor to stop this cruel and destructive war, in which Britain never can succeed. Heaven can never countenance the barbarous and unmanly practice of the Britons in America, which savages would blush at, and which, if not discontinued, will soon be retaliated on Britain by a justly enraged people. Should you fall in this (for I am persuaded that you will attempt it, and who can resist the power of such an advocate?) your endeavors to effect a general exchange of prisoners will be an act of humanity which will afford you golden feelings on a death-bed.

I hope this cruel contest will soon be closed; but should it continue, I wage no war with the fair. I acknowledge their force, and bend before it with submission. Let us not therefore the amiable countess of Selkirk regard me as an enemy. I am ambitious of her esteem and friendship, and would do anything consistent with my duty to merit it.

The honor of a line from your hand, in answer to this, will lay me under a singular obligation, and if I can render you any acceptable service in France or elsewhere, I hope you see into my character so far as to command me without the least grain of reserve I wish to know exactly the bahavior of my people; as I determine to punish them if they have exceeded their liberty. I have the honor to be with much esteem and with profound respect,
—Madam, yours, etc.

To the Right Honorable the Countess of Selkirk, St Mary's Isle, Scotland.

The promise to purchase and restore the plate was faithfully performed, and a due acknowledgment was made by Lord Selkirk.

Dickens and Wellington St.

Proceeding up Wellington street London, you are as certain to meet an actor as the Parisians say you are a white horse on the Pont Neuf. This street is, besides, sacred to the august Morning Post, to the Athenæum, Field and other newspapers. Half way up is a pretty little office, small, but not inelegant, with a bowed editor's room. This was erst the first abode of Household Words, and here of summer days sat Charles Dickens, busy with proofs, and giving cheery welcome to his contributors. As the gifted, genial editor came from the Charing Cross station he almost invariably turned sharp out of the Strand, making for the retired back roads, through Maiden lane, which so many men of letters fancy, under the idea that back and tortuous ways seem shorter than the long straight road. He passed by punctually and briskly along this favorite route, his little black bag in his hand. Now, All the Year Round has its home higher up, at the corner of York street. The mention of Maiden lane suggests the name of "Rule" and his oysters—a famous place in that department. Rule and his oysters have been known to many celebrated persons—Thackeray, Dickens, etc.—his two monstrous shells in the window. Old "Rule's" was pulled down not long ago and rebuilt. It used to be recorded to the credit of "Rule's" that when there was a famine in oysters—or, rather when prices were run up so extravagantly, which is a different thing—Rule never varied. Not many streets away I once saw a crowd about an oyster shop, while a "gentleman" within—so he was styled—was eating oysters for a wager; it is to be presumed "against time," as several were busy attending to his wants, opening as fast as they could. The performer merely gulped or swallowed each native. There was a pride about him as he went through his work before the public, his friends and backers encouraging him, but to uninterested persons he presented the beau ideal of the beast, and the bivalves he was consuming seemed to deserve more respect. This recalls "Dando" and his oyster exploits.

A FEW weeks ago and the pitcher of a base ball club couldn't walk down the the street without having a brass band and a crowd of admiring citizens chasing after him, begging for his autograph. And now he gets jostled on the sidewalk, people trample on his toes on the opera house stairs, and if he complains he is called "Oscar" and told to go out on the prairie and back his feet around. So goes the vanity of this world.

AT a New Jersey wedding the middle aisle of the church was covered with autumn leaves. Shiftless sort of sextons they must have in New Jersey.

A National Forest Reserve.

President Arthur recently called the attention of Congress to the necessity of saving our forests from destruction. In his late message he is more specific than in his first, and recommends that a certain portion of the national domain which he names, be reserved from sale and held forever in permanent forest for the definite purpose of preserving the equable flow of the streams which there take their rise. This region, lying north of Flathead Lake contains no settlers, and is practically unknown. It has never been surveyed and rarely traversed by white men. It is rugged and broken beyond any possibility of being subdued to agricultural use. No gold or silver is there to tempt the miner. It is on no natural line of communication. No rights of farmer or miner will be interfered with if it should be set apart for the storage of moisture. It is especially important now, as the source of one of the main feeders of Clark's fork of the Columbia, and as the woods are swept away from the regions drained by other tributaries of this river, its value will proportionately increase. Here are more than 5,000 square miles of wilderness traversed by four or five parallel ranges of the Rocky Mountains, one of them the main continental divide. There is hardly a spot in all the proposed reserve where one can escape from the sound of water, tumbling down in cascades or rushing onward in pure streams from melting snows to the Gulf of Mexico through the Missouri, to Hudson's bay through the Saskatchewan, or to the Pacific Ocean through the Columbia.

If our rivers are to remain navigable if the arid plains of Montana are to be converted into fertile farm lands by irrigation, if the mountains themselves are to be saved from degradation, the forest must be left to cover this summit of the continent where the water is collected in such abounding volume. It may be that our legislators will be so occupied in "making capital" for the Presidential canvass next year that they will have no time to look after such a trifling interest as the water supply upon which the agricultural possibilities of thousands of square miles depend. Nevertheless it is a proof of a strong, growing and intelligent public sentiment in this matter when the President is moved to direct to it the attention of Congress in two successive messages.

The Catawbas.

An Englishman contributes to a leading London Journal an interesting account of a visit paid by him to President Arthur. He remarks: "In the President's house were some chiefs of the native tribe of Catawbas;" and he goes on to say that these Catawbas "were undersized," and that "there was a timorousness in their looks," although in former times "the Catawbas were noted for their ferocity." What does this Englishman mean? Does he expect "Still Catawbas"—for such, undoubtedly, were the Catawbas presented to him by our hospitable President—to be ferocious in appearance. Of course, when these Catawbas are called undersized we can understand that they were probably of the variety called "pints." Conceding that this was the fact, does it justify the Englishman in finding fault with the President's hospitality. Were an American to call on the Englishman in London, and were the latter to offer him a pint of champagne, would he like it if the American were to go heme and complain of the small size of the champagne? Obviously he would not. Evidently the Englishman wishes to convey the impression that "in former times"—meaning, of course, the Presidency of Mr. Hayes—the Catawbas at the White House were larger than they are at present. They were then "noted for their ferocity," remarks the writer. Are we then to believe that Mr. Hayes ever offered any man Catawba in any form? The idea is simply preposterous. That good man never, while in his senses, offered Catawba or anything else to anybody, and his friends ought instantly to deny the Englishman's insinuation that Mr. Hayes was so far forgetful of his duty to himself as to pander to an Englishman's depraved appetite for anything stronger than water.

Dancers, Beware.

The whirling waltz is seductive and the lanciers alluring. The exhilarating break-down has its attractions and the lively jig its votaries at this festive season. Yet dancers must learn to practice moderation. Otherwise the late of the Niantic man who danced so fong and so hard that he broke his right leg may overtake our society beaux and belles before the ball season is over. In cold weather the bones are more brittle, and as the prospects of a hard winter are excellent, the greatest care should be exercised. To see one of our male society beanpoles suddenly crack a leg in the midst of a german, or, more terrible still, to see one of our young ladies suddenly need the skill of a bonesetter, would cast a gloom over the festivities now fairly started that we do not care to contemplate If the broken nose of the base ball field and the dislocated ankle of the skating season are to be supplemented by the broken leg of the hop season we may cease to wonder why so many young doctors are yearly set loose on the community.

LENTIL CURRY.—Take ½ lb. of lentils, 2 oz. of butter, six smallest onions, a clove of garlic, a couple of green chillies or any sharp hot pickle, a teaspoonful of salt, ditto of ground turmeric. Pick and wash the lentils, then put them into a dry frypan, and lightly brown them as coffee brown. Put them into a pot with sufficient water to cover them, adding at the same time four of the onions, the garlic, and chillies chopped and reduced to a pulp in a mortar, also the salt and turmeric. Let it boil till tender, being careful not to disturb it during the process. When done, pour off the water, add the butter and the remaining two onions previously fried a nice golden brown; mix well, and then let it simmer for five minutes at the side of the fire. When done, serve with a dish of rice, as in any other curry. The butter may be substituted by any good cooking oil. In Hindostan mustard oil is used. Poppy oil, if you can get it pure, is liked by many people, as cheaper than real olive oil. Inquire for it at the apothecary's.

BARLEY soup is excellent if the stock is sufficiently rich. To make it so cut three slices of bacon and two pounds of the neck of veal into small pieces; put them into a saucepan or small kettle with a pint of water. Let this simmer for three-quarters of an hour, then add one small onion, a carrot, two stalks of celery a bonquet of herbs, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, a teaspoonful of salt and two quarts of water. Let this boil for at least two hours, then take from the fire, and when cold remove the fat or scum from the top, strain the soup and put it on the fire, and add a pint of barley which has been washed and soaked in cold water for three hours at least. There should be a pint of barley after it is soaked. This is the proper proportion for two quarts of soup.

AN appetizing dish appeared on our table the other day, called on the menu "smothered heart with lemon sauce." It was made of slices of beef heart cooked in a very little water until tender, then dipped in flour and nicely browned in butter. The sauce was of flour, butter and hot water, and was flavored with lemon. This is to be served as an entree only, and not take the place of the roast, which forms the piece de resistance at the ordinary dinner.

A DELICIOUS sauce may now be prepared for winter use; it is made of cranberries and raisins. To one quart canful of cranberry sauce allow one good handful of raisins; they impart a delicate flavor, which is a great improvement on the cranberries alone. Cranberries are also excellent canned alone, with a little sugar, for pies and puddings. It is better to put them up early in the season, as there is likely to be more waste later on.

BROWN FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN.—Clean, wash and cut the chicken into comparatively small pieces. Chop a quarter pound of fat salt pork and half a small onion. Put the chicken with these into a pot with a pint of cold water, and stew slowly until the meat is tender. Take out the chicken, put into a colander and keep hot over a pot of boiling water, throwing a cloth over the colander. Strain the gravy back into the pot, season, with parsley, pepper and salt. Thicken with a tablespoonful of browned flour, boil up once, return the chicken to the gravy; simmer ten minutes and serve.

AN IOWA HOUSEWIFE sends this recipe for cookies, and says: "We did not like cookies at our house, but we like these. One cupful of New Orleans molasses, half a cupful of water, half a cupful of shortening (this may be of butter or lard, or nice beef dipping), one teaspoonful each of ginger, cinnamon and soda. Do not use enough flour to make a hard dough, but have it soft as you can and yet have the cookies smooth.

Opera bonnets made entirely of natural flowers, such as Russian violets, tiny moss roses and forget-me-nots, are very fashionable, though expensive. The frame of the bonnet is sent to the florist and he has the blossoms carefully sewed on, and keeps it in the ice-house until half an hour or so before wanted. Such a bonnet costs from $20 to $50 and lasts but for one night. Violets are the best flower, because they keep fresh longer.

It is a improvement to blanch the walnut used in cake. Almonds have so tough a skin that it is impossible to use them in cake without blanching. The walnut skins are bitter, and, although it is a little trouble to do it, they should be blanched. This should certainly be done if they are put in a light-colored cake, without molasses or spice.

CODFISH SOUP.—A pint of canned tomatoes, a teacupful or more of white codfish, pulled apart in thin bits, add three pints of water and a bit of butter or suet. Boil for half an hour, then add a pint of milk, and quickly dish, adding a half teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda at the last moment before carrying it to the table. It will be like foam, and very good.

BREAD CAKE.—Take two cups of light bread dough, one and a half cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, three tablespoonfuls of sour milk, half a grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a cup of raisins chopped and with flour dusted over them. Stir all in but the raisins, and put them in the last thing. It should rise for half an hour and then be baked in a moderate oven.

In speaking of railroad accidents and the earth's rotation, R. Randolph shows that the deflective force arising from the earth's rotation is entirely too small to determine derailments, and also that, as an excess of right-handed derailments has been credited solely to north and south tracks, this proves it to be wholly imaginary, for the deflective force at any latitude is the same for all directions.

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

The Fate Which Overtook the "City of Boston."—Captain Murray's Ideas and Experiences.

A few years ago, the *City of Boston* sailed from harbor, crowded with an expectant throng of passengers bound for a foreign shore.

She never entered port.

The mystery of her untimely end grows deeper as the years increase, and the Atlantic voyager, when the fierce winds howl around and danger is imminent on every hand, shudders as the name and mysterious fate of that magnificent vessel are alluded to.

Our reporter, on a recent visit to New York, took lunch with Captain George Siddons Murray, on board the *Alaska*, of the Guion line. Captain Murray is a man of stalwart build, well-knit frame and cheery, genial disposition. He has been a constant voyager for a quarter of a century, over half of that time having been in the trans-Atlantic service. In the course of the conversation over the well-spread table, the mystery of the *City of Boston* was alluded to.

"Yes," remarked the Captain, "I shall never forget the last night we saw that ill-fated vessel. I was chief officer of the *City of Antwerp*. On the day we sighted the *City of Boston* a furious southeast hurricane set in. Both vessels labored hard. The sea seemed determined to sweep away every vestige of life. When day ended the gale did not abate, and everything was lashed for a night of unusual fury. Our good ship was turned to the south to avoid the possibility of ice-bergs. The *City of Boston*, however, undoubtedly went to the north. Her boats, life-preservers and rafts were all securely lashed; and when she went down, everything went with her, never to re-appear until the sea gives up its dead."

"What, in your opinion, Captain, was the cause of the loss of the *City of Boston*?"

"The *City of Limerick*, in almost precisely the same latitude, a few days later, found the sea full of floating ice; and I have no doubt the *City of Boston* collided with the ice, and sunk immediately."

Captain Murray has been in command of the *Alaska* ever since she was put in commission and feels justly proud of his noble ship. She carries thousands of passengers every year, and has greatly popularized the Williams & Guion line. Remarking upon the bronzed and healthy appearance of the captain, the reporter said that sea life did not seem to be a very gres physical trial.

"No? But a person's appearance is not always a trustworthy indication of his physical condition. For seven years I have been in many respects very much out of sorts with myself. At certain times I was so lame that it was difficult for me to move around. I could scarcely straighten up. I did not know what the trouble was, and though I performed all my duties regularly and satisfactorily, yet I felt that I might some day be overtaken with some serious prostrating disorder. These troubles increased. I felt dull and then, again, shooting pains through my arms and limbs. Possibly the next day I would feel flushed and unaccountably uneasy and the day following chilly and despondent. This continued until last December, when I was prostrated soon after leaving Queenstown, and for the remainder of the voyage was a helpless, pitiful sufferer. In January last, a friend who made that voyage with me, wrote me a letter urging me to try a new course of treatment. I gladly accepted his counsel, and for the last seven months have given thorough and business-like attention to the recovery of my natural health; and to-day, I have the proud satisfaction of saying to you that the lame back, the strange feelings, the sciatic rheumatism which have so long pursued me, have entirely disappeared through the blood purifying influence of Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure which entirely eradicated all rheumatic poison from my system. Indeed, to me, it seems that it has worked wonders and I therefore most cordially commend it."

"And you have no trouble now in exposing yourself to the winds of the Atlantic?"

"Not the least. I am as sound as a bullet and I feel specially thankful over the fact because I believe rheumatic and kidney disease is in the blood of my family. I was dreadfully shocked on my last arrival in Liverpool to learn that my brother, who is a wealthy China tea merchant, had suddenly died of Bright's disease of the kidneys, and consider myself extremely fortunate in having taken my trouble in time and before any more serious effects were possible."

The conversation drifted to other topics; and as the writer watched the face before him, so strong in all its outlines and yet so genial, and thought of the innumerable exposures and hardships to which its owner had been exposed, he instinctively wished all who are suffering from the terrible rheumatic troubles now so common might know of Captain Murray's experience and the means by which he had been restored. Pain is a common thing in this world, but far too many endure it when they might just as well avoid it. It is a false philosophy which teaches us to endure when we can just as readily avoid. So thought the hearty captain of the *Alaska*, so thinks the writer and so should all others think who desire happiness and a long life.

"PAPA," she said, as she sank into an easy chair after a hard day's work at his office, "I noticed in the evening paper that seal-skin sacques are advancing in price."

"So they are my dear, so they are."

"And you know you promised to buy me one this winter."

"I know I did he replied, "and I will keep my word. But with the increased price and the scarcity of money I expect it will cramp me somewhat."

"I was thinking," his daughter then said, as she clasped a pair of soft white arms about his neck, "if it would not be better to wait until next winter, My old cloak will do very well, and perhaps sealskin sacques will be cheaper then."

The old man groaned in anguish of spirit and murmured to himself, "My worst fears are realized."

In the morning the young woman was tenderely taken to an insane asylum, where it is believed that with proper care she may utilimately recover her reason.

To pity distress is but human, to relieve it is God-like.

The Widow's Mite.

In compliance with your request I send you a statement of my case. I will write you with a double purpose, first to thank you for the great amount of good your medicine, Hunt's Remedy, has done me, and secondly, with the hope that my recovery will induce some sufferer to do as I did, "use the great specific and be cured." For nearly a whole year I was an invalid, unable to go out of the house, and a great part of the time confined to my bed, a living, powerless subject of the most dreadful of all diseases—kidney complaint. From the long suffering I became weak from the loss of strength, with a lack of vitality, and very much reduced in flesh. All this time I was taking various medicines, and under the care of our family doctor, and not receiving a particle of help. I had almost despaired of getting well when my attention was called to Hunt's Remdey by a boarder in my family. I commenced taking it (unknown to the doctor) with but little hopes of relief. This non-belief was soon expelled, however, as I daily began to improve. I continued the use of Hunt's Remedy (and to make a long story short) used eight bottles, dispensed with the doctor, and to the surprise of all who knew me, and my own great satisfaction, became as well as ever. All pains and aches vanished, appetite returned, strength and flesh, and to-day I consider myself as well as ever, and only too glad to place my testimony with that of many others.

That your medicine, Hunt's Remedy, brought me from a sick bed I well know, and many people who know of my condition pronounce my cure almost miraculous. I am happy to say I am enjoying excellent health, thanks to your valuable medicine, Hunt's Remedy.

MRS. L. W. CLARK, 109 Main Street.
Hartford, Conn. May 21 1883.

A MARYLAND man has secured a divorce from his wife on the ground that she wouldn't let him read his Bible. There are two side to every question, and if the man is one of the kind who starts in to read his Bible just when he ought to be doing the chores and bringing in the morning's supply of wood, we sympathize mostly with the woman.

The Mind Dependent on the Body.

Hypochondria is a far more common malady than is generally supposed. It has its degrees, it is true, progressing from mental depression, or the "blues," to mental hallucination; but they are all forms of the same malady. It is a significant fact that this mental ailment is invariably accomplished by dyspepsia and nervousness, and the fact that it readily yields to the alterative action of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which are peculiarly adapted to the eradication of indigestion and nervous debility, proves that it originates in those complaints. It will thus be seen how dependent the mind is upon the body for the preservation of a cheerful equilibrium, and also how readily the causes of mental gloom may be removed. There is no surer or pleasanter way of shaking off a fit of depression brought on by indigestion, than by swallowing a dose or two of this agreeable medicine.

DELICIOUS ICING. — Plunkets, cup-cake, and angel cake are improved in flavor by adding a thin icing, and by grating part of the fresh peel of an orange or lemon over the cake before putting the icing on.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise, I commenced to get well, and to-day I feel better than for three years."

LEMON FRITTERS are delicious. To one cupful of milk and one egg allow the juice and pulp of one lemon. These may be served with a lemon to flavor the sauce.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

SHE—"I see by the papers that wealthy young Englishmen are being sent to Texas ranches by their titled parents."

He—"Yes, I have noticed that."

"She—"Are they sent there to learn the cattle business?"

He—"Oh! no; to improve their manners."

CHRONIC CATARRH.—I have suffered for years from Chronic Catarrh. Six weeks ago I was induced to try Ely's Cream Balm. Relief was instantaneous, and continued use has resulted in an almost complete cure—S. M. GREENE, Book-keeper, Steamboat Co., Cattskill, N. Y.

Do not be afraid of wild boys and girls; they often grow up to be the very best men and women. Wildness is not viciousness.

Malaria, chills, positively cured by Emory's Standard Cure Pills. Their equal unknown; sugar coated; no griping, 25c.

A secret is like a hole in your coat, the more you try to hide it the more it is seen.

Why don't you cure your Heart Disease? Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator will do it. Price $1.

Go down the ladder when thou marriest a wife; go up when thou choosest a friend.

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1: Druggists.

A generous mind does not feel as belonging to itself alone, but to the whole human race.

What ails you? If it is a cough, take Piso's cure. Sold by druggists. 25 cents.

What a pity that wrinkles should not be all under our heels instead of on our faces! It would be a much better arrangement.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nothing is so wholesome, nothing does so much for people's looks, as a little interchange of the small coin of benevolence.

Who has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into the pale, haggard, dispirited woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would remedy in a short time. Remember, that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses," and restore health and beauty. By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases of Women (96 pages). Address WORLD'S MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THEY were talking of an author who had a quantity of manuscript, but who had never been able to find a publisher.

"You know that C. is going to be married?"

"Ah! really. So much the better. It will give him an opportunity to publish something."

"How's that?"

"Why his banns, of course!"

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headaches, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all druggists.

HEAT FOR HOUSE PLANTS.—Living rooms are often kept too hot for plants, as well as for the inmates. The nearer the temperature can be kept at seventy degrees, with a fall of ten or fifteen degrees during the night, the better for both.

The Bilious,

dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps for pamphlet. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. SMITH, KLINE & CO., Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia, Pa. and C. N. CRITTENTON New York.

PICKLED APPLES.—Pare a peck of apples, but leave them whole; take three pounds brown sugar, two quarts of vinegar, half ounce each of cinnamon and cloves; mix together, boil part with the apples till they are tender, but not broken. Then take them out, beat the remainder of the vinegar and sugar well together, and pour over them. Seal up in jars till wanted.

Don't you forget it, that *prevention* is much cheaper, safer, and less painful than to cure disease. Unless you *really enjoy* colic, boils, rheumatism, headaches, fevers, dyspepsia, &c., don't fail to take the old classic remedy, "St. Bernard Vegetable Pills." Upon the first symptom of indigestion, clear out the sluices before the rising waters devastate the country. Diseases, like fires, should be quenched when small and the remedy applied promptly to the place of beginning. All diseases begin in the blood, and the great remedy of the celebrated monk, commences at the fountain head.

Everybody sees the cloud on the horizon, but who thinks of the clear blue sky above it?

Millions have died with Bright's kidney disease and rheumatic diseases. Dr. Elmore is the first to discover a cure. He has treated thousands with his Rheumatine-Goutaline and never lost a case. It always cures.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what is wrongly done.

Phœnix Pectoral breaks a cold and stops cough, 25cts.

NEVER pick a blister with a pin. A needle is the only suitable thing.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick relief; complete cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

THE silo seems especially adapted for needs of milk producers occupying light sandy soil, which is easily plowed but which will not bear grass for more than one or two years without reseeding.

ST. BERNARD

VEGETABLE PILLS

TRADE MARK.

The pills are warranted to be PURELY vegetable, free from all mineral and other poisonous substances. They are a certain cure for Constipation, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Loss of Appetite, and all diseases arising from the

Liver, Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys.

They remove all obstructions from the channels of the system and purify the blood, thereby imparting health, strength and vigor. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps by

P. NEUSTAEDTER & CO.,

83 Mercer St., New York,

Sole Manufacturers of ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILLS.

Send for circular.

FOR SALE Standing Oak Timber, comprising various kinds white oak, red and pin oak. Close to railway and river. Will sell in plots, or the whole lot of about 1,500 acres. Parties wanting A No. 1 white oak for car purposes or railway ties, this is a rare opportunity, as timber is only about 10 miles from Buffalo or Rochester. Only cash buyers need apply, and to such arrangements might be made to manufacture on a division of profits. Address Lock Box, 1,915, Bradford, McKean County, Pa.

WANTED.—One Lady and Gentleman in every town. $23 a week and expenses. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., 17 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUB. CO., Philada., Pa

Camphor Milk is the best Liniment. Price 25 cents

TO MOTHERS

Is your child fretful? Does it pick its nose, start in its sleep, and grind its teeth? If so, it has WORMS, and you should use

CLARK'S INFALLIBLE WORM SYRUP

AT ONCE. SAFE and EFFECTUAL in its action. 25c. a bottle. Druggists.

349

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 25 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

"YES," remarked the dirty-faced man, "I'm one of the natives. I was born right under the shadow of Fort Hill." "And your life has been shady ever since," replied his honor. "You were born wrong; you will now be borne to the House of Correction; under its shadow you will remain for sixty days. Call the next case."

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

THE principal idol of the Chinese women is called the god of the bedroom which they worship religiously. There are no heathen gods in the sleeping apartments of American women, but there are generally plenty of mirrors.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility, also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

HE was a very thoroughly reformed gambler and they were glad to elect him a deacon of the church; but on the very first Sunday that he assisted in taking up the collection, when he met the senior deacon up by the chancel, he whispered softly: "Bet you fifty even I've raked the biggest pot."

Was afflicted with Catarrh and Cold in the Head. I tried many remedies without any beneficial effects, at last I used Ely's Cream Balm, which effectually cured me.—W. H. I. HILLARD, Dentist, Bordentown, N. J.

IT is now getting to be a fashionable trick for ladies, when they go to the opera, to wear their full-lined circular (worth about $50) inside out, and cause innocent people to imagine that they have white fur cloaks worth about $500, especially designed for the opera.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One greasing lasts two weeks; all others two or three days. Do not be imposed on by the humbug stuffs offered. Ask your dealer for Frazer's, with label on. Saves your horse labor and you too. It received first medal at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Sold everywhere.

GEORGE—"Here is a funny thing in a Michigan paper. A farmer out there is offering $100 bonus for a wife."

Augustus—"He won't get one."

George—"Why not?"

Augustus—"The price is too low. He should offer a brown-stone front, coach and four, diamond necklace and seal-skin sacque."

A bald headed man, who has heard that the hairs of a man's head are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can obtain the back numbers. Carboline will supply the demand.

"TOMMY, go down to the grocery and get a pound of starch."

"I haven't time to go down to the grocery and get a pound of starch. It's most school time now."

"Is that so?" said Mrs. McVapid, with a troubled look; then brightening up, she added:

"Well, then run down and get only half a pound."

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES for Coughs and Colds: "I do not see how it is possible for a public man to be himself in winter without this admirable aid."—*Rev. R. M. Devens, Pocasset, Mass.*

Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can, in every place you can.

Thousands are cured yearly of Heart Disease. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator does it. At druggists.

Men in great places are thrice servants—servants of the sovereign or State, servants of fame and servants of business.

Why don't you use St. Patrick's Salve? Try it. Use it. 25c at all druggists.

The proud have no friends, not in prosperity, for they know nobody; and not in adversity, for then no one knows them.

Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator—vegetable. Try it when gentle cathartic action is needed.

If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup.

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms. 25 cents.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance.

Camphor Milk cures aches and pains. Price, 25 cents

Philosophy will not appease the appetite of a starving man. He needs bread, not advice.

Ladies and children's boots and shoes cannot run over if Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners are used.

Indrapura, the loftiest of the Sumatra volcanoes, is 11,500 feet high. At the summit the temperature is 8 degrees.

Hale's Honey

OF

Horehound and Tar.

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. *Look out for imitations.*

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. *German Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions.* 47tf

The lazy and the industrious can never live happily together; the lazy despise the industrious too much.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

NEVER FAILS.

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR

A SPECIFIC FOR Epilepsy, *Spasms*, Convulsions, *Falling Sickness*, St. Vitus Dance, *Alcoholism*, Opium Eating, *Syphillis*, Scrofula, *Kings Evil*, Ugly Blood Diseases, *Dyspepsia*, Nervousness, *Sick Headache*, Rheumatism, *Nervous Weakness*, Brain Worry, *Blood Sores*, Biliousness, *Costiveness*, Nervous Prostration, *Kidney Troubles and Irregularities*. $1.50.

Sample Testimonials.

"Samaritan Nervine is doing wonders."
Dr. J. O. McLemoin, Alexander City, Ala.

"I feel it my duty to recommend it."
Dr. D. P. Laughlin, Clyde, Kansas.

"It cured where physicians failed."
Rev. J. A. Edie, Beaver, Pa.

☞ **Correspondence freely answered.** ☜

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., St. Joseph, Mo.

For testimonials and circulars send stamp. ☞ At Druggists. C. N. Crittenton, Agent, N. Y.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE CATARRH PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BRO'S OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A. EASY TO USE

Ely's Cream Balm when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists.

HAY-FEVER

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

This porous plaster is absolutely *the best* ever made, combining the virtues of hops with gums, balsams and extracts. Its power is wonderful in curing diseases where other plasters simply relieve. Crick in the Back and Neck, Pain in the Side or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Chest, Affections of the Heart and Liver, and all pains or aches in any part cured instantly by the *Hop Plaster*. ☞ Try it. Price 25 cents or five for $1.00. Mailed on receipt of price. Sold by all druggists and country stores.

HOP PLASTER

Hop Plaster Company,
— Proprietors, Boston, Mass. —

LAME BACK

☞ For constipation, loss of appetite and diseases of the bowels take Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25 cents.

FITS A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS. *From Am. Journal of Medicine:*

Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address

DR. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvellous success. Insane Persons Restored. DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all Brain & Nerve Diseases. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INVALUABLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Gen Druggists. *BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.*

Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough. Price 25 cts.

DELMORE'S RHEUM-A-LINE GOUT-A-LINE

R. G. is the quickest, pleasantest, surest and best remedy for kidney, liver, stomach, bladder and blood diseases, and only real curative ever discovered for acute and chronic rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, etc. Has cured hopeless cases Bright's disease and dyspepsia in 3 weeks—all forms of rheumatic disorders in 2 to 14 weeks—relieves inflammatory in 1 day. Can refer to hundreds of reliable people cured who had tried in vain everything else. Purely botanic, harmless, and nice to take. Ask your druggist to get it; if he declines send to us for it—take nothing else. Elmore, Adams & Co., 195 William st., N. Y.

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B. LINDBLOM & CO. 5 & 7 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago.

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GRAIN AND PROVISION BROKERS.

Members of all prominent Produce Exchanges in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Milwaukee. We have exclusive private telegraph wire between Chicago and New York. Will execute orders on our judgment when requested. Send for circulars containing particulars. ROBT. LINDBLOM & CO., Chicago.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed in all cases by Dr. J. B. Mayer. Under his treatment case is at once obtained and persons can attend to their business immediately after treatment. Examination free. Send stamp for reply. Main office, 831 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Will be at the Keystone House, Reading, Pa., every 2d Saturday; Hershey House, Harrisburg, Pa., 5th and 6th; St. Clair Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., 7th and 8th of each month.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

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ABSOLUTELY THE BEST. **WILSON'S LIGHTNING SEWER!**

Two thousand stitches a minute. The only absolutely first-class Sewing Machine in the world. Sent on trial. Warranted 5 years. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Circular. Agents Wanted. THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Chicago or New York.

AGENTS make bushels of money selling the Palestine Wonder. Samples p'stp'd, 25c. C. J. D. box 101 Buffalo, N. Y.

Lay the Axe to the Root

If you would destroy the cankering worm. For any external pain, sore, wound or lameness of man or beast, use only MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. It penetrates all muscle and flesh to the very bone, expelling all inflammation, soreness and pain, and healing the diseased part as no other Liniment ever did or can. So saith the experience of two generations of sufferers, and so will you say when you have tried the "Mustang."

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor

CENTRE HALL, PA., Jan. 16 1884.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

Clever Arrest of the Supposed Elmira Murderer.

An Ex-Convict Named William Menken the Man—Evidence Found on His Person—How the Clews Were Followed.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 11.—Detective Sergeant Kellaher, of Inspector Byrnes' squad, has arrived at police headquarters with a prisoner in charge, who was arrested by him on the charge of being the murderer of the young girl found killed in a creek under a wagon bridge near the cemetery at Elmira, N. Y., last Sunday.

The name of the suspected party is William Menken. He is about twenty-six years of age, thick set, five feet eight inches in height, dark hair, with stubby side whiskers and a small moustache. He has restless small dark eyes and a low, receding forehead. Inspector Byrnes, in giving an account of Menken's arrest, said that after a full description had been received from the Elmira police of the man last seen with the dead girl, Detective Adams, of the Central office, remembered that he arrested a man some years ago answering the prisoner's description for committing a robbery at Gunther's pavillion in the Bowery. The man was sent to the Elmira reformatory, from which he was discharged in 1882. On Tuesday last District Attorney John B. Stanchfield, of Chemung county, sent to Inspector Byrnes a full description of the jewelry worn by the dead woman when last seen alive. In the meantime Detective Adams remembered that the man arrested for the Gunther robbery had relatives in Flatbush, L. I.

Mr. Adams was summoned to Inspector Byrnes' sanctum and was asked:

"Do you know William Menken?"

"Yes," answered the detective. "I know him as well as I know myself, and can get as close to him as my shirt is to me."

"All right," said the inspector. "Locate him and communicate with me before you touch your man."

Detective Sergeants Adams, Crowley and Dolan started for Flatbush on the track of the suspected man. They learned that Menken's sister resided on Clarkson street. They found her house and made preparations to watch it, in accordance with the chief's orders. A high board fence opposite served as an admirable screen to their vigils, and through a knothole in it one of the three kept up an espionage upon the movements of the occupants of the dwelling, and soon they were satisfied that the man they were in quest of was hid in the house they were watching. Soon afterward Inspector Byrnes received a long expected dispatch that read:

"Have located man. Adams."

"Arrest him. Byrnes," was flashed back.

The detectives obeyed the instructions, and suddenly burst into the house. Adams found Menken sitting in a chair. He arose when he recognized the detective, and appeared overcome with apprehension.

"What you want?" he gasped.

"Oh, nothing, only you," replied Adams, as he began a search of his prisoner. As he plunged his hands in his trousers pockets, Adams felt a chain. When he pulled it out he recognized it as the one described by the Elmira witnesses. The peculiar memorial ring and bracelets were found next, together with a woman's pocketbook containing $160. Then the officers found an enamelled gold watch with a chain and seal, the drop ear ring which had been torn from the dead girl's ear, and a silver watch and chain, which the witnesses had also described. As each piece of jewelry, the possession of which helped to convict him of the crime, was discovered, Menken shivered in spite of his efforts to conceal the dread which overwhelmed him. He donned his overcoat, the same one described by the witnesses as having been worn by the murdered girl's companion.

A dispatch announcing the arrest was sent to Chief of Police Little, of Elmira, and a reply was returned that the chief was on his way to New York with a warrant for the prisoner. Menken was taken to the Essex Market court and remanded to await the action of the Elmira authorities.

The name of the murdered girl is Katie Bradehoff, a servant in the family of Mrs. Lisson, of Eighty ninth street, New York. The girl is said to have saved some money, and Menken was a frequent visitor at the house. Two days before New Years the girl and Menken left for the purpose, as was supposed, of getting married. Mrs. Lisson called at police headquarters and identified the jewelry as that worn by Katie Bradehoff while in her employ. The prisoner acknowledges that he knew the deceased.

The girl, who was about twenty years old, a blonde, and from he appearance of her hands, a working girl, was found in the ice by some boys, who crossed the bridge near the cemetery last Sunday. She proved to be an entire stranger in the neighborhood. The police found on Wednesday that she had arrived in Elmira on a wildcat train on the the Erie railroad with a German companion with whom she visited two restaurants in the town. Both said that they had come from New York. When the girl's body was identified by the proprietors of the restaurants inspector Burns was notified by telegraph and took the case in hand without delay. It was supposed that the murderer after getting rid of the girl returned to New York and this surmise has proved correct.

The conductor on the wildcat train who brought the couple to Elmira has been found, and will be produced as a witness by the police.

Scott's Diagnosis of Payne's Success.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 11.—Dr. Scott, author of the Scott liquor law, was asked what he thought would be the result of the nomination of Payne by the democrats as United States senator.

"It means a republican victory in Ohio this fall," said he. "It shows that the democratic party is open to corruption, or at least those whom it elected to make its laws, and if this sale and purchase is the beginning only, where will the ending under pers petuation be? I think Payne's election was settled six months ago; that Standard Oil money placed in office men who would pledge themselves to support him for the United States senate. The votes cast for Pendleton and Ward were cast only to make a decent showing to that portion of the constituency who were not to be foolod with. Outside of what money may have been used at Columbus, I think the bargain was made at last fall's campaign; that in consequence of the election of Payne the Standard Oil company would expend money to bring about the election of a democratic president this year, but such flagrant purchase and sale will be rebuked by the people at the polls. They will see the necessity of checking corruption, which, if permitted to go unrebuked, will destroy the party quicker than will any unwise public policy."

CYNTHIA'S SLEIGH RIDE.

Farmer Nelson's Daughter Flies with a Farm Hand.

LOWELL, Mass., Jan. 5.—A short distance out of North Chelmsford, near here, lives farmer Nelson, a man possessed of considerable property and a daughter of more than usual comeliness. Last summer a handsome young Pole named Tileski came to work on Nelson's farm, and between him and Miss Cynthia Nelson an intimacy sprang up which soon ripened into love. But the course of true love, as usual, ran anything but smooth. Farmer Nelson had destined his daughter for one Miles Johnson, a young farmer near by, and Johnson was as far over his ears in love with the buxom beauty as the Pole himself. It was not long before both Johnson and the farmer were made aware of this. The girl showed in every way her aversion for Johnson and her preference for Tileski. At last Mr. Nelson ordered Tileski off the farm.

Tileski hovered around Chelmsford, and through notes dropped from Juliet's window at midnight he was kept informed of how matters stood, and his fertile brain soon conceived a plan by which to win his fair dulcinea.

Friday night about 9 o'clock Miss Nelson was suddenly taken sick. Mr. Nelson drove to the village for a doctor. No sooner had he got well away than Miss Nelson recovered, and with her satchel in hand left the house and flew up the road leading from the village. Here she found her suitor waiting with a fleet horse and sleigh. They immediately set off for Lowell, where they intended getting the nuptial knot tied. They were compelled to pass through Chelmsford, and had nearly reached the village when a pin gave way in the sleigh and they were unable to proceed. A moment later the young man looked up to find Mr. Nelson upon him.

The deluded father at once saw the trap into which he had fallen, and sprang upon Tileski with murder in his eye. The young Pole was too much for him, however, and in a trice had the farmer down and bound with the reins taken from Tileski's horse. After comfortabip wrapping up the old gentleman in buffalo robes the unfilial daughter and her adorer coolly took possession of Nelson's sleigh and continued their journey. At Chelmsford Tileski ran across Johnson, and told him that his hoped for father in law was waiting to see him on urgent business a half mile kown the road. Then the truants drove chuckling away and went straight to Lowell, where a good natured parson was routed up and the knot tied upon the spot.

Papa Nelson was released too late for the wedding.

Tileski told his story with a good deal of self satisfaction, and said he supposed it would be war to the knife now with Nelson, but that he had won his bride as fairly as the old man would let him, and he proposed to keep her. Mrs. Tileski blushingly corroborated her husband's story, and seemed perfectly contented with the step she had taken.

PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICANS.

The Election of Delegates to the National Convention.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 2.—While there are as yet few signs of presidential activity among the republicans of Pennsylvania to form any distinct conclusions as to the course which their delegates will take at Chicago in June, the matter is beginning to be discussed, and especially with reference to the party's formal procedure under the new national rules and under those also agreed to at Harrisburg last July. The two sets do not conflict, but they considerably curtail—as was the intention—the range of discretionary power heretofore possessed by the state committee. Practically it amounted to this, that the earliest date at which the state convention can be held this year in order to choose delegates to Chicago will be the 4th of April, that being "not more than sixty days before the national convention." But as by the state rules sixty days' notice of the state convention must be given in order to have time for choosing delegates to it, it will require that the state committee should meet early in February, or it would not have the opportunity of calling the state convention, if it desired to do so, at the earliest date. Mr. Cooper, the chairman of the committee, will therefore convene it some time in February, and near the beginning of the month, and it may be expected that the state convention will be called for the latter part of April or the beginning of May.

Gold Hunting Extraordinary.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 4.—The Chronicle this afternoon says a syndicate of wealthy St. Louis men are interested in a scheme to acquire fabulously rich gold mines between latitudes 27 and 29 degrees in the Mexican peninsula. In 1876 there was a population of 1,000 in the area named, but nothing was heard from them for years. Early in 1883 the Mexican government sent an expedition under Senor Blanca to explore the country and report. They traveled from San Diego and the Pacific coast of the Gulf of California, and returned in four months almost skeletons. For 250 miles they saw no living thing except an old Indian and his squaw. The pack animals died of hunger and thirst. At two places they passed deserted mission churches built of stone. In these were gold and silver vessels on the altars, and in the vestries hung priestly vestments covered with dust and dropping to pieces with age. Dried and bleeched bones were found, but not a bird, animal or reptile; not a drop of water and no indication of rain for years. A few days later they found rich deposits of gold ore, both place and ledge, of which they brought back specimens. These specimens are in the hands of the agent of the St. Louis syndicate and have been assayed by government experts. The placer pecimens show $240 to the pound and the ledge specimens show from $60,000 to $200,000 to the ton. To reach these deposits pipe lines and artesian wells will be tried and caches constructed for food. The country is the abode of desolation, and many lives will be sacrificed before it can be made habitable for the gold hunters.

Two Important Measures.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—Holidays and the phenomenally bad weather have caused a lull in politics. Beyond the talk about the Pacific land grants, which will bring the biggest railroad lobby ever in Washington here, and the prospect of a final fight over the Fitz John Porter case, there has been a dead calm in politics all week. It is said that this is Porter's last effort, that he has spent all his money and worn himself out in the struggle, and that if the Forty eighth congress does not give him what he wants, he will give up the fight. His prospects, however, are certainly good, and Senator Logan will hardly get the attention of the senate for another week's speech on the subject, as he did last year. The house committee on military affairs agreed to report last year's bill for his relief with but two dissenting votes, and there are hopes of reporting the bill unanimously.

The postmaster general is trying to execute a flank movement on the Louisiana lottery. He wants a bill framed prohibiting papers from publishing lottery advertisements. The postmaster general is thought to undertake too much when he attempts to come between newspapers and their patrons.

If this congress will not do anything to disturb the tariff we do not know what the radicals will do for a campaign hobby. They might make an issue out of this question: Shall Mrs. Carlisle be the first lady of the land?

Heart affections, kidney and liver troubles affect nearly one-half of all mankind. Yet how many heedlessly pass through a shortened life giving no care to these complaints which cause the human family such great distress. Does your heart beat violently from the least excitement? Have you fits or dizziness? Does your back ache? Are your bowels constipated? These symptoms are the first warnings. Delay is dangerous. Be wise in time. Reign perfect health by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

CURES COUGHS COLDS HOARSENESS WHOOPING COUGH AND BRONCHITIS

SELLERS COUGH SYRUP 25 CTS. A BOTTLE

CROUP INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION &c A CERTAIN AND SURE CURE

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

HIGHEST PRICE

PAID FOR PRODUCE AT

VALENTINE'S STORE CO., LIM,

the advantages you have in dealing with them; they can fill your wants in most any line such as

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

HATS, CAPS,

BOOTS,

SHOES,

CLOTHING,

OIL CLOTHES,

TRUNKS,

SATCHELS,

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

QUEENSWARE.

WOODENWARE,

and EVERYTHING to be found in a first class general store, everything fresh and good, and sold as low as good goods can be purchased. Call upon them and be convinced.

51 & 53 Bush's Arcade,

Bellefonte.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

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Carriage Shops.

J. W. HENNY & SAM'L SHOOP

(Successors to J. O. Deininger.)

Manufacture and constantly keep on hand

CARRIAGES,
BUGGIES
SPRING WAGONS
SLEIGHS

and all kind of vehicles.

All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence all work from these shops is guaranteed

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Prices low and all work turned out first-class

COME AND SEE OUR WORK

jan27

Lyon & Co.'s Store.

SNAPS FOR YOU! SNAPS FOR YOU!

OUR WAY OF SELLING OFF A LARGE WINTER STOCK AT SHORT NOTICE!

$40 000 WORTH OF DRY GOODS, CLOTHING BOOTS & SHOES, HATS, & CAPS, &c, AT ALMOST HALF PRICE!

Read this through to the end. There is something that will strike you. Then come with your sheckles. Come soon, because we will offer things at less than we can replace them, for after they are sold, we can't pick up such bargains every day. Just some chances.

Wool Brocaded Fine Dress Goods 15 cts. a yard, Elsewhere 30c.
Another lot 8 cents a yard.

One lot of good Gingham	7 cts a yard
One lot of best Gingham	6 " "
White Bed Spreads	35 " "
Cotton Flannel	6 " "
Best Calicos	6 " "
Best Shirting	8 " "
Plaid Flannels	10 " "
Red Table Linen	18 " "
Double White Cashmeres	18 " "
All Wool Black and Colored Cashmeres	37 " "
Red Plaid Flannels	10 " "
Ladies' Gossamers	25 " "

ALL WOOL CASHMERES BLACK & COLORED, AT LEAST ONE THIRD CHEAPER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE.

Plaid Dress Goods	6, 8 & 10 cts a yard.
Appleton "A" Muslin	7½cts a yard
Red all Wool Flannels from	15cts up
One extra quality Black Silk at 50 and 75 cts a yard, other places	$1 00 to 1 25
One lot extra quality Black Silk $1, elsewhere	1 50
One lot extra superb quality Black Silk $1 25, elsewhere	2 00
One lot extra heavy Superb Quality Black Silk, $1 75, elsewhere	2 50 & 3 00

COLORED SILK, EXTRA HEAVY, 75cts. IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.

Colored silks from	50cts a yard
A new and superb quality all Silk Satin Rhodens	75cts., City prices $1 50
The finest quality 1¼ yard wide, all Wool Dress Cloth and Flannel, $1 per yard, same quality elsewhere	$1 25 per yard
Silk Plushes from	75cts up
Silk Velvets	1 00 & 1 25 up
Velveteen from	35cts up
Colored Blankets from	75cts a pair up
White Blankets from	1 45 a pair up
Undershirts and Drawers from	39 cts up
Ladies' Hose 4 pair for	25 cts
Children's Hose 4 pair for	25 cts
Men's Socks 4 pair for	25 cts
Men's Wool Hose 18 cts per pair, elsewhere	50 cts
Men's fine seamless all Wool Hose	18 cts a pair.

SHOES AT HALF PRICE.

Ladies' Shoes Good Calf	$1 00 a pair
Ladies' Calf Shoes	2 25 a pair
Children's Shoes	25c, 30c, & 40 c. a pair
Ladies' Button Shoe from	$1 00 a pair
Ladies Button Shoes Finest Quality	1 50 a pair
Best quality, Warranted	1 50 to 2 00
French Kid	2 50 to 3 50

WRIGHT'S BEST ROCHESTER MAKE.

Men's Heavy Winter Pants	75cts a pair
Men's Heavy Winter Pants	$1 00, 1 25 & 1 50
Children's Suits from	1 00 and up

BOYS' OVERCOATS.

Men's Overcoats	$3 00, 4 00, & 5 00 and up
Men's all Wool suits from	6 00 up
Men's Fine Boots	2 00 a pair
Men's Heavy Boots	1 00 per pair
Boys' Boots	1 25 per pair
Ladies's Castor and Kid Gloves	25 cts per pair
Men's Castor and Buck Gloves	75 cts up

We have no space to mention all the bargains we have, but we have $40,000 worth of stock which shall go in the next 30 days at almost half price.

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

CALL ON US AND SAVE MONEY. MONEY RETURNED IF PURCHASE NOT SATISFACTORY.

LADIE'S & CHLDREN'S DOLMANS, COATS, ULSTERS, CIRCULARS.

The Largest Stock and Marked Down 35 per cent from last month's Prices.

june28 LYON & CO.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

WOLF & SON

AT THE OLD STAND

CENTRE HALL,

HAVE RECEIVED A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

NONE FINER IN THIS COUNTY. FROM THE MOST STYLISH DRESS GOODS DOWN TO ANYTHING COMMONLY KEPT BY A GENERAL STORE AND TA BIG BARGAIS.

J. ZELLER & SON,
DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa.
Dealer In
DRUGS, DRUGS
CHEMICALS
PERFUMERY,
FANCY GOODS, &c

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept.

THE ANNUAL FARMERS' INSTITUTE will be held at the STATE COLLEGE, beginning JANUARY 29 and ending FEBRUARY 8. There will be at least THIRTY LECTURES, by Members of the College Faculty, and several distinguished gentlemen from abroad.

Circulars giving details sent on application to Prof. Jorden or the President, State College, Centre Co., Pa. 9jan 5t

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Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, bonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

NEW DRUG STORE

AT SPRING MILLS, PA.,

situated in the North-east Corner of the SPRING MILLS HOUSE.

DRUGS, SPICES and PATENT MEDICINES

of all kinds.

TOILET ARTICLES and FANCY GOODS.

Also TOBACCO & SEGARS, and CONFECTIONERY of all kinds.

Spectacles a Specialty.

Being an apothecary of experience prescriptions will be accurately compounded.

C. E. AURAND, *Druggist,*
sep 27y *Spring Mills, Pa.*

New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA
G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.
Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
Free Buss to and from all trains.
Special rates to witnesses and jurors.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. Adam Hoy, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas. R. Smith and the Hon. J. G. Larrimer, Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date 1 st day of Jan., 1884, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of Jan. next, being the 28th day of Jan 1884, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Jan., in the year of our Lord 1884, and the one hundred and seventh year of the independence of the United States. T. J. DUNKLE Sheriff

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower

ALEXANDER & BOWER,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office in Garman's new building.

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A DISCOUNT

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10 to 25 per cent.

—ON—

Ladies' and Misses

Coats and Furs,

BLANKETS, &c.,

Prior to taking our annual inventory.

A Special Discount on all orders in our Merchant Tailoring Department for thirty days only.

USE KREIDER'S EXTRA-PURE NEW-FAMILY KILN-DRIED CORN-MEAL. For Sale by GROCERY and PROVISION DEALERS. ITS QUALITY CAN NOT BE EXCELLED. TRY IT TO PROVE THAT.

Circular to the trade, mailed free on application by postal card. Address, JOHN G. KREIDER, Milton Grove, Pa. 7nov3m

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Plaining Mill.

The place to buy your best and cheapest Building Material is of

Jas. S. Krape & Co.,

Spring Mills, Pa.,

who keep all kinds of

FLOORING,
GERMAN, &
SPLIT SIDING,
SURFACE BOARDS,
WINDOW SASHES,
SHUTTERS, BLINDS
&c., &c., &c.

Anything wanted not ready will be furnished on short notice.

MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND.

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SMITH'S GERMAN OLIO!

The Great German Remedy

—FOR—

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver and Kidneys.

For Sale by all Dealers in Medicine, at 50 Cents a Bottle.

Prepared and sold at Wholesale by the

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PHILADELPHIA WHOLESALE AGENCY:

Johnston, Holloway & Co., 602 Arch St.

Smith, Kline & Co., 309 and 311 North 3rd street.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

THE BEST TONIC.

Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints. Druggists and Physicians endorse it.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, Why?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

☞SOLID PROOF OF THIS.

IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM,

By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby

CLEANSING the BLOOD

restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

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CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all style

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— NEW GOODS —

Just opened a full line of Choice Family

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

Such as

TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, SPICES, CANNED GOODS, DRIED FRUITS, MEATS, NUTS, OYSTERS, FINE CANDIES.

FISH, SYRUPS, ETC.,

Together with

GLASS, CHINA, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.

at the lowest living prices. Goods are all newly bought, strictly fresh, and of the very best kind.

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Beef of the choicest cattle, veal, pork and mutton, fresh and always on hand. 30 nov. tf

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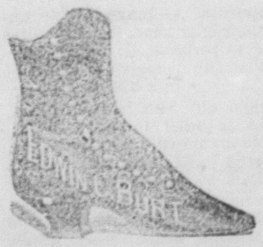
MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN BOOTS, SHOES & LEATHER.



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J. H. BYRNESS' Rochester Fine Shoes for Ladies and Children.

In connection with the above fine shoes we have a fine line of MEN'S CALF & KIP BOOTS, PLOW SHOES, BROGANS, & SLIPPERS of every description, at the lowest figures.

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(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)

Receive Deposits and Allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.

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VILLARD'S RUIN.

Why the Great Railroad Magnate Finally Succumbed.

Of All his Wealth Absolutely Nothing Left—Sacrificing his own Money to Fight the Wall street Attack on Northern Pacific.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—The ruin of Henry Villard, the great man to whose untiring energy the Northern Pacific owes whatever of success it has attained, is complete and irretrievable. His vast properties, aggregating possibly ten million dollars, have been swallowed up in the insatiable maws of the great enterprises he had under way and was supporting. In fact the case is a parallel one with that of Jay Cooke, his predecessor in the presidency of the Northern Pacific, and his prototype as a failing railroad magnate. A reporter visited the palatial residence at Fiftieth street and Madison avenue, until within a few days ago the property of Mr. Villard, and in which he now occupies a single floor through the suffrance of his creditors. The reporter saw him and was deeply impressed with his wretched appearance. But he begged to be spared an interview and referred the scribe to a particular friend with the remark, "You may take what h says as coming from me. He knows all about it, and has the sad satisfaction of having given me advise which, if followed, might have rendered your visit here today fruitless." Under a pledge that his name should not appear, Mr. Villard's friend said:

Mr. Villard is a ruined man in his private fortune. He hasn't as much money to his name today as you have. It has all gone to the help of the great enterprises he has been at the head of. There can be no question of his conscientious integrity, for he has voluntarily sacrificed his private means to support the Northern Pacific. Mr. Villard deserves the sympathy of the public instead of the villification and abuse he has received from some quarters. He is a very sick man. This thing has preyed upon his mind so that I thought at one time that he would never recover his mental faculties. He has absolutely nothing left. His stocks, his bonds, his two residences, are all involved in the wreck. He has saved nothing. He never was so rich a man as was reported. He was not worth ten millions, as I have heard it said, five was nearer the figure, but ten made a bigger mouthful. Last Sunday Mr. Billings called to see Mr. Villard. He had quarreled with Mr. Villard, had resigned from the management of the Northern Pacific, and there was some ill feeling between the two. When he called and found Mr. Villard sick in bed, and when he learned that he had impoverished himself in his efforts to support the company, Mr. Billings expressed his entire belief in Mr. Villard's integrity, and there was a scene of reconciliation between the two. Why he sacrificed his own fortune is a long story. Briefly, the burden of this great enterprise upon him has been almost beyond belief. Upon him alone depended the carrying out of this gigantic undertaking. It was absolutely necessary that the road should be finished before the present congress met. What its fate at the hands of congress would have been otherwise the bills that have already been introduced will show. Most railroads with a character from congress are permitted to issue bonds for every twenty five miles or so of completed road. These are sold to raise money with which to build. But the terms of the Northern Pacific charter required it to complete a given number of miles before a bond could be issued. This made it necessary for the company to borrow money, sometimes as much as $12,000,000 or $15,000,000, as at the time Garfield was shot no action could be had from congress. The first thing President Arthur was called on to do was to authorize the issue of bonds for over three hundred miles of completed roads All this financiering had to be done by Mr. Villard himself. When the Wall street operators made a combined attack on the stock recently, Mr. Villard was straining every nerve to preserve the company's credit, and began to sacrifice his own money. To make matters worse, he was away from the city and had to do business by telegraph. A certain banking firm was in difficulty and would have failed if he had not come to the rescue by raising money on bonds and property belonging to himself individually. So he has gone on giving of his own money until everything he owns is pledged.

But there is one source of strain upon him which I have not mentioned. Money has been thrust into his hands to invest for other people. All financial men know what that experience is. Friends would insist on having him invest their savings. When the stock went down such was Mr. Villard's sense of honor that I have known him many and many a time to put his hands into his own pocket and purchase the stock to save them from its depreciation. I have in mind one case within my own knowledge. If I should tell you the man's name you would be surprised. In this case Mr. Villard voluntarily suffered a loss of $90,000. I suppose he has lost $1,000,000 in this way.

Mr. Villard's resignation of the presidency is now in the hands of the directors, and will be accepted at Friday's meeting, I suppose. Mr. Billings has been urged to accept the place, but he does not want it. His health is not robust. But it makes very little difference who is president. Mr. Villard had accomplished the great work of building the road. Now all that remains is to operate it. For that a practical railroad man is required.

An Insane Preacher's Mad Act.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 31.—A terrible affair is reported from Dover, Tenn. It appears that the wife of one Joseph Cook, a preacher, gave birth to a child, and Mrs. Glasgow, a woman of the neighborhood, widely known for her charity, prepared a basket of dainties and carried it to the sick family. Cook, who was sick in bed, said that the food was poisoned, and becoming enraged jumped from his bed, seized his gun and discharged its contents into the stomach of his benefactress, killing her instantly. He then dressed and fled. A sheriff's posse went in pursuit and caught him some miles distant, where he had gone to the house of Richard Mullens and demanded a gun of Mrs. Mullens, who was alone. She refused, and as he became violent she seized the gun and kept him at bay. He ran upstairs, and she was standing guard when the sheriff came up. Cook was captured and carried safely to jail. But for a belief that he is insane he would have been lynched. Cook has been in Dover but a few months. Mrs. Glasgow belonged to a prominent family and was generally loved for her benevolence.

Butler's Bible.

BOSTON, Jan. 4.—At the beginning of the administration of Gov. Butler, it was found that there was not a single copy of the Holy Scriptures about the executive department and a friend presented the governor with a beautiful copy of the Bible. Gov. Butler leaves it in the executive chamber with the following indorsement:

"January 1, 1884. When I came into the executive chamber a year ago, I could not find a copy of the Holy Scriptures. I suppose each governor took his away with him, and friend gave me this. I leave it as a needed transmit-tendum to my successor in office, to be read by him and his successors each in turn."

A collision occurred on Thursday evening on the Canadian Pacific railway, between Montreal and Ottawa, by which nine passengers and three officials were injured.

At a meeting held in San Francisco on Thursday evening to make arrangements for holding a world's fair in that city in 1887, at which Gov. Stoneman presided, it was resolved to provide a guarantee fund of a million dollars.

Full telegraphic returns to R. G. Dun & Co., of the mercantile agency, show that the business failures of the last seven days number for the United States 319 and for Canada 29.

Mrs. Mary Carver, in whose house a Lakeville, Mass., Patrick Cartlin was found dead Monday last, while being taken to jai confessed that Staples felled Cartlin with a slungshot and he died within three hours.

—There was a big raid last week, during the cold spell, on the overcoats at the Philad. Branch. They went like hot cakes because they could be bought cheaper, and a better article, than at any other store. Lewins & Co. thus far have always been in the lead for low prices.

—Teachers' blank certificates for scholars, at the REPORTER office. tf

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

The many great improvements introduced in the manufacture of the Jas. Boss' Gold Watch Case, have led to similar improvements in the making of silver cases.

Under the old methods, each part of a silver case was made of several pieces of metal soldered together, requiring a great amount of cutting and soldering, which softened the metal and gave it the pliability of lead rather than the elasticity of silver.

Under the improved methods, each part of the Keystone Silver Watch Case is made of one solid piece of metal hammered into shape. The advantages are readily apparent, for every one knows that hammering hardens the metal while soldering softens it.

To test the superiority of the Keystone Silver Watch Case, take one of 3 oz. weight, press it squarely in the center when closed, and it will not give, while a case of same weight of any other make will give enough to break the crystal. The Keystone Silver Watch Case is made only with silver cap and gold joints.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be continued.)

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years. W. H. MOORE."

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

JOHN A. GRENOBLE,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

Dealer in

STOVES, TINWARE & PATENT IRON ROOFING.

Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.

Everything in the line of

COOKING STOVES, COAL STOVES, & RANGES.

PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST!

TINWARE

of all descriptions on hand and made to order. 12dec.y

A GREAT PROBLEM.

TAKE ALL THE

KIDNEY & LIVER MEDICINES

BLOOD PURIFIERS,

RHEUMATIC REMEDIES

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION CURES.

AGUE, FEVER, AND BILIOUS SPECIFICS,

BRAIN & NERVE, FORCE REVIVERS.

GREAT HEALTH RESTORERS.

IN SHORT, TAKE ALL the best qualities of these, and the best qualities of all the best Medicines of the World and you will find that HOP BITTERS have the best curative qualities and powers of all concentrated in them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or combined, fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this. dec.

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Buys and sells Real Estate on fair commission. Insures First-class Life Companies; " " Life and Accident Companies. " " Fire Companies. German, English and American. Combined capital, $15,000,000. Office in Bush Arcade, over Valentine's stores, Bellefonte, Pa. 2jan y

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O The BUYERS' GUIDE, No. 34, Fall and Winter, 1883, gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. Tells how to order with exact cost, 216 pages—large ones—3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Contains information gleaned from the markets of the world. No other price-book in existence contains as much information. Sent free to any address upon receipt of postage (7 cts). Let us hear from you, or visit us when in our city. Near Exposition Buildings. Respectfully,

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Offers his services to the public. He is thoroughly experienced in his line of trade and guarantees satisfaction to all. Having had many years experience in cutting, he gives his customers only first class work. Parties needing new suits of any kind, can have them put up as cheap, if not cheaper, than elsewhere, and will be sure to be pleased. Has constantly on hand samples of all kinds of goods and can furnish a complete outfit. Repairing promptly and neatly done.

Cards—Attorneys.

J. H. ORVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. BELLEFONTE, PA. Office opposite the Court House, on 2d floor of Furst's building. nov28

C. P. HEWES Attorney-at-Law. Practices in all the Courts. Office in the Furst building, Bellefonte. 2maytf

JOHN BLAIR LYNN, Attorney-at-Law, Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont. feb tf

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law Consultations in English and German. Office in Furst's new buildin

DOLL & MINGLE,

Boots and Shoes.

—Largest Stock—Lowest Prices,—

All Goods Bought Direct From Manufacturers---

Reynold's Bros. Fine Shoes, D Armstrongs Rochester Shoes, Mens Fine Shoes

WE GUARANTEE EVERYTHING WE RECOMMEND.

No 10 Brockerhoff Row.

Bellefonte, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA --State College--

Winter Term begins January 4, 1884.

This Institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1 A Full Classical Course of Four Years.
2 A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
4 The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
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6 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
7 A Classical and Scientific Preparatory Course.
8 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal. For Catalogues, or other information, address GEO. W. ATHERTON, President, 9janly State College, Centre Co., Pa.

Gold for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free a royal valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start, now. Address STINSON, & Co., Portland, Me. 1y

SPRING MILLS PROPERTY FOR SALE.—A house and lot, near the station, at Spring Mills, is offered at private sale. The house is a two story frame; there are outbuildings and choice fruit on the lot, also a well and running water For further particulars apply to 1nov4m HANNAH BULLUCK, Milesburg, Pa.

2000 Late Arrivals!

AT BELLEFONTE WANTING HOMES! COME AND SEE.

2000 DOLLS AT BELLEFONTE MUSIC STORE.

SINGING DOLLS, CHINA, PATENT, BISK } Patent Dolls at 15 CENTS.

TOYS, TOYS, TOYS, DRUMS, DRUMS, DRUMS

WEDDING PRESENTS, CHRISTMAS, BIRTHDAY } Presents for ALL

Fine Bisk figures.—Parian figures. Steel Engravings from 50 cts. to $15. Oil Paintings and Chromos. Picture frames; Photo frames. Vases, Brackets and Music Stands.

FINE STOCK OF JEWELRY, JEWELRY SILVERWARE, WATCHES, WATCHES.

DON'T FORGET

Special rates on Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines, for the Holidays.

☞This offer for 30 days only.

BUNNELL & AIKENS, 28nov4t Bellefonte, Pa.

MURRAY'S CARRIAGE WORKS

CENTRE HALL, Centre Co, Penn'a,

Where are kept on hand and for sale.

—BUGGIES, —PHAETONS, —SPRING WAGONS, —&c., —&c.

Repairing done at Reasonable rates.

Buggy Tops of any style made to order, with prices according to quality. I have recently added HORSE SHOEING to the smith department, under the supervision of a very skilled and obliging blacksmith.

19dectf LEVI MURRAY.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentory upon the estate of Reuben Stump, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN F. ALEXANDER. 5dec6t Executor, Centre Hall, Pa.

Steam Bending Shops.

AT FARMERS MILLS, PA.

All kinds of bending in wood done on short notice. Orders filled for rims of all sizes, and of best material; bob-sled runners, shafts, bent bounds, plow handles, phaeton and buggy reaches. Send for price list. Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work guaranteed. 11oct y J. B. REAM & SON.

$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which person, of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 1y

Dentists.

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN, Dentist, Centre Hall. Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered 14adr

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

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Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality.

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BUSH HOUSE. W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor. The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial. 28june tf

IRVIN HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN, PA. S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor. Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

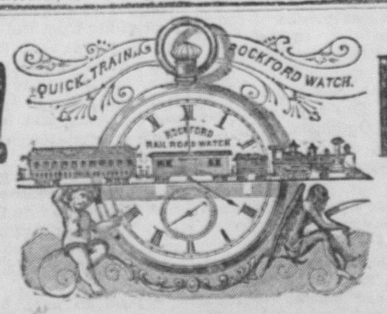
CENTRE HALL HOTEL. D. J. MEYER, Prop'r. FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM. Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

DANIEL PRUTZMAN, BOOT AND SHOEMAKER. after April 1st will open in the Durs building, when he will be prepared to make to order Boots and Shoes, and do all kinds of repairing. Satisfaction guaranteed, and charges reasonable. He asks a share of the public patronage. 8matf

HARDWARE. HARDWARE. HARDWARE —for— JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO. JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO. —ARE SELLING— REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPERS, REAPERS, And all kinds of Farming Tools, RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, ROPE BLOCKS, SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c. —AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE, TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE. JAS. HARRIS & CO.

A Prize. Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Address at once, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1y

LOOK! LOOK!



—AT— —THE—

Holiday Presents!

E. A. GLENN & CO.

☞Have just Received a Large Assortment of

FINE SILVERWARE.

GOLD PENS AND PENCILS, RINGS, PINS, CHARMS, REVOLVERS, &C

A complete line of CUTLERY at bottom prices. NEW STOCK of

Gold, Silver and Steel Spectacles all numbers and sizes

A FINE SELECTION OF

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES always on hand.

Agency for the celebrated ROCKFORD WATCH.

☞Call and see the new CLIMAX CASE.

All Goods Warranted as represented. J. Q. A. KENNEDY, Manager. 19dec

SEND FOR TRIAL BOX

THE PASTILLE Prof. Harris' Radical Cure FOR Spermatorrhœa and Impotency OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN

CIRCULAR Sent FREE

Read What a Patient says of it:

"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that 'while there is life there is hope.'" They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 25, 1881

The Pastilles are prepared and sold only by the HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG CHEMISTS, 306½ N. 10th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months 7

I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why the world's good things
  Should fall in such unequal shares—
Why some should taste of all the joys
  And others only feel the cares?
I wonder why the sunshine bright
  Should fall in paths some people tread,
While others shiver in the shade
  Of clouds that gather overhead!

I wonder why the trees that hang
  So full of luscious fruit should grow
Only where some may reach and eat
  While others faint and thirsty go!
Why should sweet flowers bloom for some,
  For others only thorns be found?
And some grow rich on fruitful earth,
  While others till but barren ground?

I wonder why the hearts of some
  O'erflow with joy and happiness,
While others go their lonely way
  Unblessed with aught of tenderness!
I wonder why the eyes of some
  Should ne'er be moistened with a tear,
While others weep from morn till night,
  Their hearts so crushed with sorrow here!

Ah! well; we may not know indeed
  The whys, the wherefores of each life!
But this we know—there's one who sees
  And watches us through joy or strife;
Each life its mission here fulfills,
  And only He may know the end,
And, loving Him, we may be strong,
  Though storm or sunshine He may send.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

It had been snowing steadily all day long, not in a boisterous, tempestuous way, but quietly and persistently, as if the feathery flakes which were rapidly piling themselves one upon the other on the frozen ground had come for a long stay. Towards night the wind began to rise, and when darkness settled down a moderate winter's storm was raging. We were waiting in the little station at L—— for the down train, telegraphed an hour and a half behind time, and were endeavoring to keep warm around the small air-tight stove which served as the only heating medium in the low-studded apartment. L—— is a place of little importance except as a railroad center, for here two trunk lines cross each other, and it is also the point where locomotives were changed on the different trains. With the exception of the bustle and excitement incident to a junction station, there was but little to attract a tourist, and the few natural charms the place possessed at this time were hidden beneath the soft covering of snow. So the weary waiters were forced by hearth of amusement, as well as the storm, to while away the time as best they could in the dingy depot. The different time-tables were perused, the flaming advertisements scrutinized, all to no purpose, for the hands of the monotonous-ticking clock crept around the dial with that tardy pace peculiar to railroad time-pieces when one is waiting for a belated train.

The conductor who was to take charge of the express came in to warm his hands by the little stove, and soon the party was increased by the engineer, whose machine could be dimly seen far down the track waiting for its expected charge.

"Bad night, Bob," said the conductor. "Better come in and warm up. She won't be here for an hour yet"

The engineer made some reply and joined the circle around the stove. He was a man of slight build, drooping shoulders, and perhaps not up to the average height. Rather effeminate at first sight, until one noticed the square, firm chin, the quick, steady eyes, and the lines about the mouth, which showed that beneath that calm face and quiet manner lay the will to both do and dare. He has been selected especially to run this night express on account of the danger of the position, for the down train was frequently late, and the lost time must be made up before reaching the end of the road in order to meet connections. Time and again nothing but the coolness and judgement of the engineer had brought this train to its destination in safety, and Bob Jennings, as he was called, had been remarkably fortunate, and has never met with a serious accident. The running of the two trains up to L—— and back to the city constituted his day's work. The position was a responsible one, and remuneration good, and the "job," as the boys termed it, was looked upon with envy by Bob's fellow engineers.

After some minutes passed in conversation between the engineer and conductor, the latter suddenly remarked:

"How was it, Bob, you happened to get this express? The superintendent of the Portland & Ogdensburg helped you to it, didn't he, on account of that affair up in the mountains? Tell us about it?"

"Yes, yes," spoke up several who had overheard the conversation. "Let us hear the story by all means."

"Well, boys," said Bob, as he bit off a generous chew, and deposited the quid lovingly in his cheek, "it ain't much of a yarn, and it'll make you laugh, for you'll think me spooky like. Howsomever, it's true as gospel, and if Dan was here he'd say so, too.

"'Twas when I was running 49 on the P. & O. road, which hadn't been agoin' more'a a couple of years. You may perhaps be acquainted with the line. She runs through the White Mountain Notch, and is built right on the side of the hills. How they ever had the spunk to start such a road beats me, for at first sight it seems next to hopeless to get around some of them short curves, to say nothing of the big upgrades. Near Crawford's is that spider-like Frankenstein trestle you've heard so much about, where the track spans a chasm eighty feet wide and one hundred feet deep. Strong enough, I suppose, but it makes a man feel skittish to go over it for the first time. Well, my good luck is all owing to that trestle. We lived in Portland then, Nell and I. She is my wife, we were as happy as could be. The only drawback was that every other night I had to take the late express up to Fabyan's, and come back next day on the accommodation. Nell used to be afraid to have me go, particularly as the road was new, and accidents would happen in spite of all we could do. I kept telling her it was safe enough, and the pay was good, so I'd better stick to my place for a while anyway, though to tell the truth, I didn't like the route, 'twas so awful gloomy-like. No big towns to go through, only now and then a little village, and they would be as dark and quiet as a grave yard, when we struck 'em at night. Summers it wasn't so bad, but winters it was awful. Well, one night in January, when it was my turn to stay in Portland, the superintendent sent for me, and said:

"'Bob, there's a party of directors as wants to get through the mountains to-night, and they're going to start about 10 o'clock. I'll have to send a special but haven't an engineer that I can trust. Now, it's your night off, I know, but if you'll pull the throttle for them fellows I'll make it all right with you.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I'll go, of course; but it's goin' to be a bad night on the mountains.'

"'That's so, Bob, says the superintendent, 'but I know I can rely on you, and them directors says they must go through, anyhow.'

"So I went back to our little cottage and told Nell as how I'd got to go. She took on very queer like, and seemed distressed to have me away, though she never acted like that before.

"'It's an awful night, Bob,' says she, 'can't they send some one else? I don't like to have you go.'

"'Nonsense,' says I, 'the storm won't hurt me, and I'll be back again to-morrow. The super.'s promised to do the square thing, and I'll come out all right.'

"She seemed a little reasured, and I got out my great coat and muffer, and in 'em I prepared to start out.

"'Well, Bob,' says my wife, 'if you must go, why you must, but,' she added thoughtfully, and there was the queerest look passed over her face, 'be careful of that Frankenstein trestle.'

"I scarcely heard what she said, but bidding her good-bye was soon on my way to the round-house. It was a wild night, and no mistake; seems to me I have never seen it blow harder or snow faster. Once or twice I had to turn my back to the blast to keep from blowin' over. Well I was soon on board my machine, and, backing into the station, hitched on to two cars which were to make up the train. As 10 o'clock approached the directors began to arrive, pompous-looking men with plenty of money and feeling all their importance.

"'Them fellers,' says I to myself, 'feel their steam pretty well. I don't suppose they'd look at an engineer.'

"Dan Smith, my fireman, was on the watch for the conductor's signal and when the clock struck 10 we got the swing of the lantern and off we started.

"I've seen some pretty bad nights, but this one was the worst I ever remember. The storm to-night is hard enough, but it don't begin to blow as it did then. Why, every now and then we would get a blast that would make the whole machine tremble, and as the country around Portland is pretty level, we took the full force of the wind. As we got further inland it wasn't so bad, and by the time we were forty miles out it had turned to a summer's gale and was pouring torrents.

"And now comes the singular part of the story. We had the right of way, and our dispatcher was to keep the whole up to Fabyan's open for us, my instructions being to stop only at North Conway for water. So I gave her the throttle, and we bowled along at a good rate of speed, making perhaps thirty or thirty-five miles an hour As we went whirling through Sebago Lake station, I had a kind of feeling come over me that there was something wrong. I didn't notice it a first, but every now and then it would come back to me that all was not as it should be, yet I couldn't think of anything that wasn't right. I allers examine my machine before I start, give her a good oilin', look well to the bolts and parallel rods, try the levers and such; and so I knew when we left Portland old '49' was in perfect workin' trim. Yet the feelin' grew on me until it was a steady thing. I tried to shake it off, but it was no use. I felt it in my bones that somethin' was up.

"Now you gentlemen will laugh at me for being a fool, and I don't blame you, for we was a-goin' along all right, everything from the water-gauge to the cylinders was a-workin' in good time, and I knew that it was only imagination, but to tell the truth, I began to feel uneasy. I had been an engineer for ten years, and had been through some pretty tough scrapes without blowin' for brakes, and the boys all said as how I had a good deal of pluck. Now I began to loose all confidence.

"'Bob,' says I to myself, 'this won't do. You're getting nervous, and all for nothin'. You've no business to be superstitious at your time of life. Brace up!'

"'Twas no use, however. I could have stood up in court and sworn that there was a kink somewhere. Well, meanwhile we was sliding along, and pretty soon reached North Conway, where we was to give the engine a drink. 'Dan,' says I to my fireman, 'there's something out of the way with this machine, and I don't know what it is.'

"'What makes you think so?' says Dan.

"'I can't tell,' I replied; 'she works all right, but I feel it in my bones.

"'Guess you're thinking of your wife,' returned Dan, with a laugh.'

"But while we were gettin' in the water I took a lantern and went all round the engine. Looked at every part of her, rapped the bars, knocked the wheels, tried her at every point, and couldn't find nothin.'

"And I tried to think no more about it, but the feeling was there, all the same, and do the best I could I wasn't able to throw it off.

"Well, we had got a pretty good distance in the mountains, and with this light load '49' didn't make nothing of the up grades.

"Perhaps, gentlemen, you have never been through the hills in winter. It's some different from summer, I can tell yer. The mountains loom up bark and solemn, and with their snow-covered sides they seem kinder like big, ghostly giants that have been turned into stone standing guard over the valley. The silence and desolation sorter awes one, and it didn't seem right to go shrieking and screaming along their sides in the dead o' night. This time it was worse than ever. The storm had let loose all the evil spirits in the air. The wind swept down the valley with a roar that could be heard above the rush of the train. It whistled and yelled at the cab windows, and blew the rain and sleet so hard agin the winder frame I could scarcely see the short distance lit by the headlight. The great trees rocked to and fro, and seemed to hold out their arms in warning. It was a solemn place for any one, and I felt it particularly, as I had this awful weight of anxiety on my mind that had been a growin' stronger and stronger each minute.

"Well, we had passed Bartlett's, goin' through there at a pretty good jog, when, like a flash of lightning, the parting words of my wife came back to me: 'Be careful of that Frankenstein trestle!'

"That set me to thinkin'. Could this be a presentiment of some disaster. Was there anything the matter with the bridge?

"'Nonsense,' says I, 'I'm a natural-born fool. If anything was wrong the train two hours ahead would have found it out and signaled me at Bartlett's. I'll think of it no more, but tend to business'

'But in spite of me, 'Be careful of the Frankenstein trestle,' kept comin' into my head even the wind seemed to shriek it. I picturad to myself a broken rail and the yawning gulf on each side. What an accident it would make! What a feartul chasm in which to plunge! Then I remembered Nell, and the queer look that came over her face when she gave me that siugular caution, 'Be careful of the Frankenstein trestle.' We was a nearin' the bridge, sure enough. On the up grade '49' was making about twenty miles an hour, and in less than ten minutes we would be over the bridge, or—. I caught my breath, for at that moment those warning words flashed into my mind once more.

"'If I'm ever to be cured of such stuff,' says I to myself, 'now is my chance. What could Nell know about the bridge? I'll put her across at full speed.'

"A tall white birch that stood on a spur of the mountain was the landmark which showed me that we was a comin' to the straight piece which led across the bridge. I put my hand on the throttle to throw open the valve when—

"Well, gentlemen, I don't suppose you'll believe me, but as true as I'm standing here my wife's voice whispered in my ear, *'not that one, Bob, the brake!'*

"It gave me such a start that before I knew what I did I had opened the Westinghouse for all she was worth, and the train came to a standstill in less than two lengths. Not waitin' to answer any questions from Dan I grabbed my lantern and rushed up the track to the bridge, and walked along the middle plank until I reached the other side, and then back again. Not a thing was out of place, every rail secure, and the bridge was as sound as when first put up!

"'Idiot! cried I, 'so much for your foolish nonsense. This freak will cost you your job.'

"I could see the lights of the conductor and brakeman, who had with a number of the passengers come out to see what was the matter. How the boys would laugh, I thought. I should never hear the last of it. I was sneaking back to the cab when I came to the switch of a short siding that had been laid on which to run gravel cars. It wasn't a very long track, not more than a hundred odd feet feet, and ended within a couple of yards of the precipice. Noticin' somethin' peculiar, I held up my lantern and found a large tree that had just blown down and fallen against the switch-rod, breakin' the fastening and throwin' the rails of the main line into the siding!

"I tell you, boys, it made my hair stand on end. In two minutes that whole train and them directors would a gone off that cliff, and no one would have lived to tell about it!

"'What's the row, Bob?' says the conductor.

"'Row enough!' says I. 'Look at that switch. I reckon I pulled her up just in time.'

"'Great heavens!' exclaimed a fat director who was standing by. 'Where does that track lead to?'

"'To the other world,' says I, 'and we came almighty near making the trip!'

"Well, you never see a more grateful set of men. They made up a purse of $500 on the spot, and when we got to Fabyan's they telegraphed the super. as how I was to stay with them during the excurtion, and I went to all the sights in Montreal with 'em just as though I had been one of the regular party. Not content with that, they gave me an elegant gold witch and chain, the President of the road, who happened to be among 'em, making a neat speech. I tell you a peep into the jaws of death will put rich and poor men on the same level; nothing like it to take the higness out of them.

"Well, the boys all made a lion out of me when I got back to Portland, and Nell never seemed so glad to see me. That night's work was the making of me, for the superintendent gave me a good show, and finally I got this job. I never told the boys why I stopped the train, for I knew they would laugh at me, and I don't know as I told my wife for a long time. One day, however, she came to me and says:

"'Bob, I had a queer dream about you the night of that affair at the Frankenstein. I dreamed I was on the engine with you somewhere, and we was agoing at a fearful rate. Way in the distance I saw what seemed to be a big gulf, and you thought by getting a good headway you could jump it. I knew, of course you couldn't, so I said, 'Not that one, the brake!' then I woke up!'

"I then told her the whole story, and, gentlemen, whenever I hear a similar yarn, and I've heard a number of 'em, I don't turn up my nosse and say, 'Nonsense!' There's more in one's feelings than most people thinks for, leastwise, minding my feelings saved my meck that night at the Frankenstein trestle. There comes the express; good-night."

Long Calls.

It is not always wise to make a rule that no one is to be admitted during the evening; on the contrary, a guest may be heartily welcomed if it is known at the outset he has come in for a short time; that he is cheerful, and friendly, and amusing, and in short, worth listening to and entertaining. But the illy concealed gloom that settles down upon one tired face after another, while the clock strikes the succeeding half hours, and each member of the family in turn comes despairingly to the rescue of the faltering conversation, is a deplorable thing. We are responsible for the state of our consciences, and if we have allowed them to become so dull that they do not give us the unmistakable warning to go away, then we must not fret if we are warded off, dreaded, and called bores. I was delighted to hear some one say not long ago that she did not think that she had any right to spend two hours at a time with any friend without a special invitation, since it could not fail to be an interruption; and it gave joy to my heart that one person so respected the rights of others. Picture some one, who has assured himself that he is not likely to find amusement under his own roof, setting forth in search of a more agreeable place in which to spend the evening. He hunts from door to door; finding that one family has honestly paid its money and gone to a play, another is dining out, the third enjoying its invited guests, while at the fourth he is met at sight with the information that the ladies are engaged. Perhaps at the fifth he gains an entrance. One person rises hurriedly from the sofa; another puts down her book with a sigh; another comes reluctantly from a desk, where some notes and letters must be written, at some time during the evening, and the stricken group resigns itself to the demands of friendship and society. The master of the house returns presently to his avocation, with a brave excuse. It may be eight o'clock when the guest comes: it may be nine, and he may be kind-hearted and unobjectionable; he may even be profitable and entertaining; but he stays until after ten; everybody thinks that he never means to go, and inwardly regrets his presence. For half an hour he could have felt sure of welcome; in that time he certainly could have said and done all that was worth doing, and have been asked to stop longer, or to come again soon, when he took leave. There is no greater compliment and tribute to one's integrity than to be fairly entreated to sit down for ten minutes longer. Of course we treat each other civilly in an evening visit, but it is a great deal better to come away too soon than to stay too late. In a busy, overworked and overhurried city life, nothing is so nice as a quiet evening to one's self, or even a part of one. We all wish, or ought to wish, to make life pleasant for ourselves and other people, and are ready to be generous even with our time, but no one likes to be plundered and defrauded. It is the underlying principle of our neighbor's action and conduct towards us which makes us thankful or resentful when he comes to visit us.

Origin of the Funeral Array.

The array of funerals commonly made by undertakers in London and in many large towns, is strictly the heraldic array of a baronial funeral; the two men who stand at the doors being supposed to be the two porters of the castle, with staves in black; the man who heads the procession wearing a scarf, being a representative of a herald-at-arms; the man who carries a plume of feathers on his head being an esquire with his plume of feathers; the pall-bearers, with batons, being representatives of knights-companions-at-arms; the men walking with their wards being supposed to represent gentlemen ushers with their wands. Literally all "the pomp and circumstance" with which the baron of high birth, ancient lineage, numerous heraldic quarterings, and large estates, was conveyed in the olden time to the house appointed unto all living, have been copied without the slightest significance or utility—the mere dry form transplanted into another grade and class to which it is singularly inappropriate and oppressively expensive—in the funeral of the middle class of society, in those of the curate, tradesman, small shopkeeper, and even the first-class artisan, and in this way the cost of funerals is swelled to an enormous amount.

The Carver.

A good carver will remember that the following are esteemed delicacies.

The sounds of codfish.
The fat of salmon.
The fat of venison.
Kidneys of lamb and veal.
The long cuts and the gravy from the "alderman's walls" of a haunch of venison.
The pope's eye in a leg of mutton.
"The oyster cut of a shoulder of mutton.
The ribs and neck of a pig.
Breast and thighs (without drumstick) of turkey and goose.
The legs and breast of a duck.
The wings, back and breast of game.

It was reported a short time ago that piles had been driven by dynamite in some German experiments. Later advices concerning the process state that an iron plate sixteen inches in diameter and five inches thick is placed on the top of the pile to be driven, and upon this plate a pound and a half charge of dynamite is exploded by electricity. The force of the explosion drives the pile into the mud as far and would five blows struck by a weight of 3,250 pounds falling from a height of ten feet. The system was originated by Herr Pradamovic, chief engineer of Pesth.

An Execution in Cuba.

Those who have sailed by daylight into the beautiful harbor of Havana, will, perhaps, recall a dark and low stone building upon the right shore, almost directly opposite Moro Castle, which is perched on the other side of the bay. This building is the prison in which criminals are confined who have been sentenced to death. Attached to it is a chapel, where many a poor wretch has received the last consolations of religion, and the worn stone sill of the door bears witness to the many feet that have passed out to return on earth never more.

In the month of May, 1866, General Dulce being Captain-General of the Island of Cuba, one Ramon Torres, a private in a Spanish infantry regiment stationed at Havana, for some cause or other, in a moment of passion, drove a knife to the hilt in the bosom of his superior officer, killing him on the spot. The culprit was, of course, immediately arrested and sent to prison, where he was at once tried and condemned to die by the garrote. Spanish law sometimes renders swift justice, and in this case but a few days intervened between the murder and its expiation.

When the death sentence is passed upon a criminal, the Juzgado, or court of justice, proceed to the prison, and, calling the criminal out of his cell, the judge reads the sentence to him. After doing so, he generally makes him an address, exhorting him to prepare for the awful change that is coming upon him. The prisoner is then taken in irons to the chapel where he remains until he goes out to his execution. There is a bed in the chapel where he can rest, and a priest is always with him. During the period he is here no reasonable request is denied him, and everything that can contribute to his comfort is readily furnished:

On the day of the execution of the subject of this sketch, about five thousand troops were paraded outside the prison walls, almost as many people of the city and surrounding country were also on the ground. Suddenly there came a chorus of voices from the building, sinigng in unison a funeral dirge. It was the farewell of the doomed man's fellow prisoners, a ceremony never omitted by them. The sun was gleaming brightly over the still, smooth water the dark green foliage scarcely stirring in the gentle breeze, and amid all the quietness and beauty of nature, the wail awoke in the heart thoughts so sad as never to be forgotten to one's dying day.

All at once the prison doors were flung wide open, and the criminal, a man of small stature, came forth with a priest and soldier on either side, the former holding in his hands a crucifix, while he occasionally leaned down and encouraged the doomed man. Immediately following came the verdago (executioner), wearing a dark dress, having upon each of its sleeves an embroidered ladder, the insignia of his office. Two drummers followed, beating the funeral march. It being a Spanish custom on such occasion to loosen the drum snare, the peculiar rattle they produced was far less agreeable than the muffled drum we are accustomed to hear.

The garrote was erected near and directly north of the prison walls, at a place called La Punta, "the Point," It was with difficulty the poor wretch could walk to the spot, and he seemed frequently on the point of sinking to the earth. The instrument of death stood upon a wooden platform and was composed of an upright piece of scantling with the iron collar and lever attached, while below was a rude seat.

Arriving at the foot of the platform, the death sentence was again read, and the alquacil de corte—corresponding to our sheriff—asked the prisoner if he had anything to say to the people. He merely shook his head by way of reply, and was at once seated, his legs tied and his arms pinioned, with the hands crossed on his breast and the collar fixed about his neck. At this point of the proceedings, the verdago pulled from his person a long bright knife, and handed it to the police who were present. A black cap was then drawn over the prisoner's face, and the priests began to recite the credo. When they come to the words "His only son," the verdogo, verdago, by a swift and dexterous turn of the lever, launched the soul of the poor wretch into eternity. There was but a momentary quiver of the limbs and a straightening of the form, then all was still; for the man was stone dead. The mode of punishment is far more merciful than the hideous and bungling performances frequently gone through with at our gibbets.

The troops then wheeled into column and marched away to the beat of drums and now came the strange sequel to this dismal spectacle.

As soon as the ground was cleared one of the police went forward and seized the verdago, arrested him for murder, hurrying him to the prison, where the juzgado were still assembled. Placing him in their midst, he accused him of having killed a man, and denounced him as a murderer. The judge asked him what he had to say in answer to the charge.

"It is true," replied the verdago, "that I killed the prisoner, but I deny being a murderer, for, although I committed the act charged—displaying his arms with the badge—I did it in the cause of justice, and in presence of the law, all of which I am compelled to do by virtue of my office."

"The accused is innocent, and is discharged," answered the court, and thus the formula of Spanish law was satisfied.

In the relations of deaths and births among Catholics, Protestants and Jews, the births are found to be in greatest proportions among the Catholics, but the death rate is so large among their children that they increase in population but slowly. With Protestants the births are fewer, infantile mortality is lower; and increase is often much greater. The Jews have fewer births than either of the other classes, but their death-rate is so low for all ages that they increase in numbers more rapidly than either Catholics or Protestants.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.

He repents on thorns that sleeps on beds of roses.

Tears are sometimes the happiest smiles of love.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

Without proper application even talent is unavailable.

Cheerful assistance provides happy rest for the invalid.

A cowardly nature never hurries to exercise forgiveness.

No money is wasted that is paid to purchase tranquility.

Some people take pride in dispensing more gall than money.

Select your words carefully, and thus avoid much trouble.

Who assails his competitor with abuse injures his own business.

Humility is the most excellent natural cure for anger in the world.

We cannot right every wrong, but we can indeed wrong every right.

Prosperity makes friends, but whether they be real adversity will decide.

Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either; they ever go up or go down.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

We can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough, except by suffering.

Holiness is the architectual plan upon which God buildeth up his living temples.

It is impossible for a man to despair who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent.

All men's souls are immortal, but the souls of the righteous are immortal and divine.

We should seek more of the practical realities of every-day life and less of the ethereal.

Who does the best his circumstances allow, does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think.

Be loving, and you will never want for love; be humble, and you will never want for guiding.

He is truly great that is little in himself, and that maketh no account of any height of honor.

His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.

Give to a wounded heart seclusion. Neither consolation nor reason ever effected anything in such a case.

The lazy and the industrious can never live happily together; the lazy despise the industrious too much.

Whenever we are conscious of the least comparative merit we should take much care to conceal the value set upon it.

Self-reliance is the best surety against failure, but it is well to cultivate a friend who can assist us in a time of need.

We show little judgment by exhibiting our annoyances in our looks, and less by bursting into a passion about them.

Egotists see the world cheerless and ugly; their ways have so warped their sight that all things appear like themselves.

Hard words are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted out to softness, would fertilize the plants they batter down.

Noble are they who are not too lazy to work, or too proud to be poor; who only eat what they earn and wear what they pay for.

Have the courage to face a difficulty ever thought it should kick you harder than bargained for. Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance.

The law of harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit and you read a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and, therefore, he that can perceive it, hath it not.

Never hold any one by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.

There is no preacher listened to but time which gives us the same train and turn of thought which older people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

Many persons fancy themselves friendly when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that you should become wise as they should be recognized as teachers of wisdom.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for friends; yet that was only one of the things which He suffered, only the full stop at the close of the great charter of suffering love.

Weakness works more ill than wickedness; it is easier, between the hand which strikes and the reed which gives way, to defend oneself against the assaults of the former than to guard against the untrustworthiness of the latter.

The savage who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated embers, dark, dead, useless; they neither give nor receive heat, neither love nor are beloved.

True art is not the caprice of this or that individual, it is a solemn page either of history or prophecy; and when, as always in Dante and occasionally in Byron, it combines and harmonizes this double mission, it reaches the highest summit of power.

Spare the feelings of your friends. Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your inmates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.

WORDS OF CHEER.

There are days of deepest sorrow
In the season of our life,
There are wild despairing moments,
There are hours of mental strife,
There are hours of stony anguish,
When the tears refuse to fall;
But the waiting time, my brother,
Is the hardest time of all.

Youth and love are oft impatient,
Seeking things beyond their reach.
And the heart grows sick with hoping
Ere it learns what life can teach.
For, before the fruit be gathered,
We must see the blossoms fall.
And the waiting time, my brother,
Is the hardest time of all.

We can bear the heat of conflict,
Though the sudden, crushing blow,
Beating back our gathered forces,
For a moment lays us low,
We may rise again beneath it,
None the weaker for our fall;
But the waiting time, my brother,
Is the hardest time of all.

Yet, at last, we learn the lesson,
That God knoweth what is best,
And a silent resignation
Makes the spirit calm and blest;
For, perchance, a day is coming
For the changes of our fate,
When our hearts will thank him meekly
Then he taught us how to wait.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

She was the proudest women I ever knew. Poor and proud this Kathleen Langley; but the adopted child of a very wealthy aunt, she had never felt the chilly blasts of poverty; probably never would, since now she was the betrothed of Arthur Fanshawe, and his name was good for a million.

I had been Kathleen's intimate friend and chosen companion ever since our schooldays; to me there had never been so true and dear a friend. But I could not shut my eyes to her besetting sin—pride. In vain I argued with her, lectured her on its evils. She had always listened patiently, but with a sarcastic gleam in her brown eyes, and when I had finished she would lay her head on my knee and smile up into my face mischievously.

"Dear old Mentor!" she would say; "it's no use. Pride was the sole heritage left me, and, though it wreck all my happiness, I cannot conquer it."

One day she came to my side and held up one white finger encircled by a costly diamond ring. In answer to my startled look of inquiry she said slowly, as though it pained her,—

"It is Arthur Fanshawe's ring, dear; I have promised to be his wife."

Arthur Fanshawe, the *blase* man of the world; a cynic, a sceptic, everything hard and unnatural. To throw away her youth, beauty and purity upon Arthur Fanshawe! It was a cruel thing.

"Oh, Kathie!" I cried, "tell me it is not true. You do not love him—I know it. Why, then, why do you make this sacrifice?"

Her red lip curled scornfully.

"There are a million reasons," she answered, bitterly.

Then she went away, and when I saw her again she was in the midst of a gay group, lovely in her glittering ball dress, and Arthur Fanshawe was at her side, his hard, cold eyes lighted with the frosty gleams of a selfish love, his engagement to the fair New York belle publicly announced.

I knew then that the match had been of her Aunt Langley's making; that her ambition for her beautiful niece had at last attained the height of a wealthy marriage, and that to induce Kathleen to submit she had contrived to make her realize her dependence. And Kathleen, feeling herself a burden on her bounty, grew

"Weary of eating another's bread.
And toiling up and down another's stairs."

Her pride had carried her through, and she had consented to the sacrifice.

Soon after Mrs. Langley projected a trip to Florida, and begged me to accompany her and Kathleen; Mr. Fanshawe, of course was to follow.

We arrived at our destination, a romantic little town in the last stages of dilapidation.

We settled ourselves in a long, rambling cottage near the loveliest lake in the world, and enjoyed the semi-tropical climate to our heart's content.

We had not been there three days when Kathleen appeared, one morning, in the room where I was sitting with her aunt over our fancy work, looking charmingly in a short costume, with wide sun hat and gauntlet gloves.

"I'm going to learn to row, auntie, if you have no great objection," she began gayly.

"Who in the world is going to teach you?"

Kathleen glanced through the long French window to the shore, but a few rods away where a tiny boat lay moored, and a masculine figure lounged back among the cushions, lazily puffing a good cigar.

"Oh, I don't know his name," she laughed, scornfully. "One of the aborigines here. I have engaged his services at so much a hour, and for the rest, as Mr. Toots would say, it is of no consequence, auntie."

"I trust Mr. Fanshawe approves," began her aunt.

"I am not Mr. Fanshawe's property as yet," suggested Kathleen; and before another remark could be proffered she was out of the house, down the path, and and off in the direction of the lake shore.

The boating lessons seemed to take up a great deal of her time and attention after that; but I never chanced to get a nearer view of her teacher, and, judging him by others of the native inhabitants whom I had met, I felt very little interest in the unknown.

"Come, ladies," said Mr. Fanshawe, one day, "let us go out on the lake; I have a boat engaged, and waiting your service."

We did not require a second invitation, and soon we gathered on the beach, where the lake spread out before us its broad, unruffled bosom, its green, cool lily-pads, and over all the blue, cloudless sky of a Florida midwinter, with the sun, like a great, untwinkling eye, staring lazily down upon us.

"Miss Langley," said a voice near us—a low, rich, sweet voice, like liquid music—"I beg your pardon for intruding, but that boat is unsafe. She has been for some time out of repair. I fear you will meet with some accident if you go out in her."

A young man stood at Kathleen's side, a tall, slender man, with a face like a picture, with great, slumberous dark eyes, and a nameless grace and fascination about him. But his dress was coarse and common, and his hands were embrowned with toil. With that wonderful face and figure, like some rare old statue, he was only a fisherman, after all!

Kathleen's face was flushed, and she glanced up timidly. But before she could say a word Mr. Fanshawe turned upon the intruder with a cool stare of insolence.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"How dare you interfere in my affairs, sir?"

The young man raised his hat with a graceful bow.

"My name is Sanford," he said quietly, "Ray Sanford. I live a mile above the beach. I am accustomed to the lake; I spend half my time upon it. I know all the boats; the one you have chosen is unsafe. If you go out in her, you will certainly be drowned."

He put on his hat, and walked away without another word. He was proud, too; it was easy to see that.

I glanced at Kathleen. She did not see me; her eyes were bent upon the graceful figure in its coarse dress moving down the shining sands.

I saw her clench her hands and set her teeth together, then her gaze encountered mine, and slightly, she forced a smile.

"Are you ready, ladies?"

Mr. Fanshawe's voice broke the silence.

"Are you going in the boat?" asked Kathleen.

"To be sure. I am not foolish enough to pay any heed to the croakings of yonder clodhopper. I'll teach him that I, too, understand managing a boat, if I do not spend half my time on the lake."

"You are careless in your epithets, Mr. Fanshawe," observed Kathleen, frigidly; "mistaken, likewise. Mr. Sanford is a gentleman."

"You have the honor of his acquaintance, it seems?"

Kathleen's eyes flashed, but she controlled her anger.

"He taught me to row," she answered, and said no more.

But she said enough to set me to thinking.

Well, we yielded to the ruling power; and soon, seated in the pretty boat, were dancing merrily over the water, far away from land.

It was a perfect day, and full of life and gayety, we had forgotten all about young Sanford's warning, when suddenly there was a low exclamation of horror from Kathleen,—

"The boat is filling with water! I do believe we are sinking?"

It was too true! The boat leaked at every seam; the water was pouring in; soon we should be beyond the reach of human aid.

I shall never forget that hour as long as I live. Fanshawe, livid with fear, crouched in the bow of the boat and uttered never a word. Mrs. Langley wrung her hands and alternately shrieked and moaned—now praying, and now her voice drowned in a storm of sobs and tears. Kathleen sat like a statue of stone, her hands folded, her eyes bent on a spot far away.

On we drifted. The boat rapidly filling; it was more than half full.

I crept up to Kathleen and put my arms around her.

"Kathie, Kathie," I cried, "we must die! Is it not dreadful?"

"There are worse fates on earth," she answered, her pale lips scarcely seeming to move, and still her brown eyes watched that tiny speck as it grew large: a man in a boat—a man bending all his energies to meet us.

A strange smile touched Kathleen's lips.

"Ray," she muttered, as though she had forgotten our presence, "Ray, I knew you would come to us in our distress."

It was indeed Ray Sanford, and he was rowing with the strength of a giant and the energy of a man determined to win or die.

He reached us at last not a second too soon. I aroused Mrs. Langley from a fit of incoherent sobbing and ejaculating, and pointing to our rescurer. He stood up in his boat, and had Kathleen in his arms in an instant. Then he turned to Mrs. Langley and me. Fanshawe followed us, and soon we were all safe in his boat—saved from a dreadful death.

Not a word was spoken during the long run home. Kathleen never looked at Ray; she seemed unconscious of his presence.

When we reached the shore, she dropped from the boat unassisted, as though she did not see the young man's proffered arm.

Fanshawe, safe on shore, was himself again. Turning to Sanford, he took a banknote from his pocket and tendered it to the young man.

"Here," said he, in a cold, insulting tone, "you've helped us out of a scrape; allow me to—"

But he never finished. Ray Sanford struck the money from his hand, and then without a word, strode off down the shining beach. After that we saw him no more.

The time for our departure for home drew nigh.

Kathleen had grown pale and thin during these days. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, and her cheeks wore a hectic flush; there was something wrong about Kathleen.

It was the evening before our intended departure, and we two walked alone on the beach. The sun was setting, dropping slowly down its golden ladder into fleecy cloud banks of scarlet and amber; up and down we paced, neither of us speaking So the sun set and the twilight gathered.

Suddenly the form of a man rose before us in the gray twilight. He came straight up to Kathleen, and held out both his hands.

She laid both her own within them. There was a sweet smile on her lips; her eyes were luminous,

"Is it good-by?" she said softly.

"Never!" he cried, fiercely. "Tell me, Kathleen, is it true, are you going to marry that man—that Fanshawe?"

A sneering laugh fell upon our ears; Fanshawe stood beside us.

"A pretty scene!" he sneered. "A flirtation between my betrothed wife and a common fisherman!"

With a face like marble and eyes like flashing diamonds Kathleen slipped her engagement ring from her finger and laid it in Arthur Fanshawe's hand, saying coldly,—

"I have worn it too long, Mr. Fanshawe."

Ere Fanshawe could recover from his amazement, Ray Sanford spoke.—

"And who told you, Mr, Fanshawe, that I was but a common fisherman? Not that I attach any ignominy to the vocation, which has been followed by some of the noblest and grandest heroes of earth; but unfortunately, I have no claim to the title. I am merely passing a few months on the Florida coast, roughing it that I might regain the health and strength which had unaccountably deserted me. I leave soon for my home in the North. You have heard of Hugh Sanford, of Boston?"

"A merchant prince!" ejaculated Fanshawe, beginning to move away.

"He is my father," said Ray Sanford, cooly; and bending over Kathleen, who stood clinging to me, he continued, while Fanshawe slunk on through the evening shadows, "Kathleen, say you forgive me my unintentional deception. I had known you a week or more before I realized the full extent of my guilt. Forgive me, for I love you so!"

Her head was on his shoulder, his arm around her. They had forgotten all about me, and I went home alone.

An hour later Kathleen came to my side, her eyes shining like stars.

"You'll be my bridesmaid, dear," she whispered, kissing me with tears in her eyes. "I'm the happiest little woman alive! And the best of it is I loved him just as well when I thought a poor fisherman as I do now that I know he is of a wealthy and aristocratic family. I tell you dear (another kiss), pride is a very good thing in its place, but true love is always and ever the best."

Visits of the Dead to the Living.

When Marshal Bazaine, in 1865, assumed command of the Freneh army in Mexico, he found a complete want of discipline and order among his troops. Marauders had been allowed to wander about with impunity, and the Mexican villages, friendly or hostile, were plundered by the French soldiers. The Marshal resolved to stop these excesses with a strong hand, and an order was issued that any soldier discovered in the act of pillaging should, at the end of the march, be brought before a council of war, and, if found guilty suffer the penalty of death.

A few days afterwards, a corporal of a battalion of Chasseurs, commanded by Prince Nadoleon Charles Bonaparte head of the Italian branch of the family, was arrested by the military police on the charge of marauding. At the end of the march, so soon as the camp was pitched, he was tried by a council of war, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was carried out on the spot, and, as it had become quite dark a lantern was attached to the prisoner's breast to enable the firing party to aim correctly. The corporal fell dead at the first discharge. A grave was hastily dug, and the wretched man was buried exactly as he fell, in his uniform, with the lantern still on his breast.

The same evening Prince Bonaparte was sitting in his tent, talking with one of the military chaplains who had attended the execution, when he heard a man's voice outside the tent. The Prince called to the man to enter, and the soldier whose execution and burial he had just witnessed walked into the tent, still wearing his uniform and with the lantern on his breast. "My commandant," said the soldier, "my family lives at Marseilles, in the Rue——; be so good as to inform them of my fate." The Prince, suspecting some trick rushed at the man with the intention of seizing him, The corporal, however, was too quick. He ran out of the tent and fled closely followed by the Prince, who was guided in the pursuit by the lantern on the man's breast, The Prince, after a short chase, overtook the fugitive, and was on the point of seizing him when he (the prisoner tore the lantern off his breast, threw it away, and managed to escape in the darkness.

The Prince at once reported the affair to the Marshal, and an order was given that the corporal's grave should be opened. This was done, and the corpse was found lying in the same state as when it was buried, but the lantern was gone.

I have only to add that on his return to France the Prince ascertained that the address at Marseilles was, in fact, the dwelling place of the prisoner's family. The unfortunate abbe was so affected by the circumstance that he lost his reason, and is, (or was a few years ago) in a *maison de sante*

Prince Charles Bonaparte himself always believed that the affair was a hoax.

Getting Noisy.

Gallantry awakens early in the breasts of some Boston boys. A lady in Boston has a class in the Sunday school of one of the leading churches, the membership of which consists of boys who are each about 8 years of age. Like most youngsters they are of too exhubant spirits to keep altogether as quiet as the demands of the school require, and are prone to become restless and noisy at times. Last Sunday one of them was particularly uneasy, when the teacher said, thinking to shame him into quiet: "Now, George, I don't know what I shall do with you if you are so noisy. I am afraid I shall have to punish you for it, and think the best way to do so would be to make you sit in my lap." "Ah," says the young scapegrace with an arch look, "if you should do that, Miss——, I think you would find the whole class getting noisy."

Sincerity does not consist in speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing it when silence would be censurable and inexcusable.

To listen kindly is of en an act of the most delicate interio mortificatio. and helps us very muc to speak kindly ourselves.

Gliding Along the Ice.

"The touch of cold weather we had a short time ago stirred up the boys," said an old skate sharpener of New York as he filed away on a pair of club skates. Hanging over him were skates of all kinds, rusty and with runners covered with dirt. "These have just been brought in," continued the old man, "to be fixed up for the coming season. I have been busy with skates for the last few days, and when the ice is formed I shall have more than I can attend to."

"Is skating as popular as formerly," was asked.

"Certainly it is. There is no out-of-door exercise the popularity of which remains so constant and which is indulged in with such evident pleasure. Did you ever hear a young man or young woman refuse to go skating if there was nothing to prevent and a fair sheet of ice? I file down and sharpen more skates every winter than I did the previous one. In the country the boys try the ice every day, and the winter's sport invariably begins with a ducking for the first adventurer. I suppose the popularity of the sport is due in some degree to the comparatively short time in which it can be enjoyed. This makes it a novelty. But it is more due, I think, to the exhilaration and thorough enjoyment to be derived from it. In country towns where the ice lasts all winter there is as much skating at the end of the season as at the beginning, and the young man who does not become a fancy skater in those places is looked down upon. In my opinion, skating is more enjoyable than sleigh rides or coasting."

The old man filed away on his skates and told of the miles he had skated when a boy and the kind of skates then used, comparing them with the ten-dollar skates of to-day. The improvements in the skates themselves have done much to increase the love for the sport. It is in the remembrance of old skaters that the preparations for an hour's skating were multitudinous. Thirty years ago the skater was compelled to wear a heavy pair of boots, with strong, big heels, for no one in those days ever thought of skating in shoes. Then a large gimlet hole had to be bored in the heel, into which the peg on the heel-plate of the skate would fit. The gimlet ever afterward had to be carried about in the pocket to do duty in cleaning out the snow or mud that would accumulate in the walk to the rink or pond. These old skates were marvels in themselves, with their intricacies of straps and rings. There were straps at the heels and straps at the toes. Straps crossed and recrossed, and finally ended with long tags hanging over which had to be stowed away somewhere, and which generally in the first two or three turns on the ice would work under the runners. Many a time as doubtless the old skater of a quarter of a century ago will testify, has the ice been tested to its fullest strain by the avoirdupois of the skater all on account of the ends of straps. There was an old style of skate, a nondescript affair, which the fond parent of to-day as he buys for the boys the light pairs of nickle-plated clubs, is very ready to attempt to describe. It was fitted up with iron rings, through which the straps were drawn. These rings were placed so as to rest just over the ankles, and were constantly chafing him. Passing through the rings, the straps were crossed over the foot twice and often once around the heel, making a network over the foot. If any part of the network loosened, it was necessary to unravel the whole.

With what pleasure the then new style of rockers with patent buckles and side straps was hailed. One occasionally meets such a pair at the present time in the country towns, although they are antiquated in the city. With the skates of the previous period, when the skater wanted to stop, he simply pressed down hard the heel, and the sharp end of the blade would plow a furrow in the ice, and would cause a sudden stop. With rockers the end curved up, and the skater was compelled to use the side movement of the feet by which he comes to aquick standstill with modern skates. Nine years ago the club skate appeared, and there has been little change in them since their first introduction. Two styles—the American club and the Acme—came out at the same time, and their sale was immense, and their popularity has kept up ever since then. At first, on the former, a key was necessary to lock the skate on to the foot, but in a short time the lever of the present style was substituted, which, by reversing, fastens at once both the heel and foot clamps. Both styles were the same in principle, and after a short time of trial, were pronounced a great success and immediately their use became universal. The hardest thing to overcome in their adoption was the prevailing idea that a heel strap must be retained, and even now many call for this strap, as they claim to have a feeling of greater security in its use. Experienced skaters all agree that it is unnecessary. Ladies also now use club skates, and many very pretty nickle plates have been manufactured for them during the past year, They are required to have plain heels upon their shoes, however, as no clamp can be made to fasten upon the French heels, with their abominable curves.

"The use of club skates by ladies," added the old man, who had been discoursing on skates, rubbing down the sides of blades with emery paper, "has been objected to by young men, who now have no excuse for fondly lingering over their sweetheart's dainty shoes as formerly, when it was necessary to fix a strap here and a buckle there, and then to do it all over again because it wasn't tight enough."

"Do ladies skate as much as in the old days?" was asked.

"Young man, ladies, young, old and middle-aged, will go skating whenever they can get a man to go with them," was the reply. "If they have to go by themselves they soon give it up. Yes, ladies like to skate as much as ever and you will find plenty of 'sister Kates,' to use the words of the poets, who skate and cut a figure 8, in any State. If there's only ice, crowds of graceful female skaters are to be seen pleasant afternoons and moonlight nights at the parks, and a pretty sight it is to see them in their bright skating costumes, gliding along the ice and sweeping about in most graceful curves."

The sale of club skates in this country has been very large and the demand for them is still great. Over 20,000 pairs of one style alone are generally sold in this city during the season, and if the ice continues for a long time in good condition the demand is greater. In this city the sale depends almost entirely upon the length of time there is skating in the park. This, of course, cannot be foreseen, and the large dealer always expects and is ready to carry over one-third of his stock to the next season. Again, often his skates are exhausted before the season is over. Year before last a comparatively small number of skates were sold. Last year for a time the sales were brisk, and the prospect of this season is good, dealers say. In the holidays the largest quantity of skates are sold, as a pair is always a standard Christmas present for a boy. One pair of skates ought to last several years if kept in good order.

Why He Left.

"Why did you desert?" asked the reporter, bluntly.

"I have no hesitation in telling you," was the reply. "We enlist for military service, and besides performing it we are compelled to work as laborers. I could stand this, though, if it wasn't for the treatment we receive in other ways. I will just give you an instance of our day's routine duty. We generally rise about 5 o'clock and clean up our quarters. Forty minutes are given for grooming our horses, and then we drill for an hour and a half. When breakfast is over some go on guard, while others do fatigue work. This consists of cleaning officers' quarters, chopping wood for officers, hauling coal for officers and ourselves, working in the ditches, and building roads or plowing fields."

"Is this compulsory?"

"If we complain the guard house is the place for us, and if we go to the hospital ten chances to one we are told that nothing is the matter with us, and we are sent away without explanation."

"Don't you get some rest from your labors?"

"Only the favored ones are allowed to leave the fort. I have been repeatedly refused permission to go away, while others had almost as much liberty as the officers."

"We are made to do regular servants' work in the kitchen," continued the solder, "a burly negro bossing us at his will. Complain, did you say? If we do not perform the work just to suit him he'll report us to the officers, who will make us run errands and carry slops."

"Is there not too much drinking going on in the army?"

"Well, a poor fellow can't help sometimes, but very seldom, when he gets a chance, taking a drop too much, But we generally suffer for it, and are sent to the guard house. An officer can indulge as much as he pleases, and if he becomes intoxicated we have the pleasure of putting him to bed,"

"Do the men ever complain about their treatment?"

"They don't dare to do that. I have known them to leave the table and feign illness rather than say anything about the bad food. Let me give you the bill of fare for one day: For breakfast we have what we call boot-leg coffee and California mystery. There is a standing prize to any man who will discover the substance of which the latter is made. I have gone through many hardships and had to eat many a hard crust, but I couldn't stomach that dishwater."

"For dinner we get what the cook calls pork and a few potatoes, and for supper we sometimes get potatoes and alleged pork for a change. The coffee is for the most part water. The cook sweetens it, but when I drank it I always imagined there was no sugar in it. I certainly didn't taste it.

"The officers, however, live like lords on the rations which belong to us. If we open our mouths the prospect of severe punishment stares us in the face, and so the boys believe in the old saying: 'Of two evils choose the least.'"

Proverbs for Lovers.

Love knows hidden paths.
Love makes labor light.
Love makes time pass away, and time make love pass away.
Love me little, love me long.
Ami moi un peu, mais continue—Love me a little, but keep it up.
Love one who does not love you, answer one that does not call you, and you wil run a fruitless race.
Love others well, but love thyself the most; give good for good, but not to thine own cost.
Love rules his kingdom without a sword.
Love subdues everything except the felon's heart.
Love teaches asses to dance.
Love, kavery and necessity make men good orators.
Love, thieves and fear make ghosts.
Love your friend with his faults.
Love your neighbor, but don't pull down his fence.
Lover's purses are tied with cobwebs.
Lover's quarrels are love and redoubled.
Lovers think other have no eyes.

There are times in this little life when a man can feel perfectly serene, and at peace with all mankind. A time when he can forgive his enemies and think only the kindest things of the man who has beaten him in a horse-trade. A time when he feels as happy as a school-boy on Friday afternoon, when he is throwing his books aside, and figuring on playing shinney the following day. But no man ever feels in this particular mood after he has mounted the steps of the Elevated Railroad and waited five minutes for a train, only to discover that he is on the wrong side of the road to go in the direction he wants to.

The Poisoner of Ninety-six Victims.

To those who believe that the practice of Thuggee has been completely put down in India, the story of Sharfu, whose career of crime has just terminated by his being sentenced to transportation for life, will come as an unpleasant revelation. Sharfu was the son of a butcher in a small village in the Punjab, and when yet a boy he developed a marked taste not only for gambling, but even for card sharping. At the age of 18, having quarrelled with his father, he left his native village and attached himself to a party of horse dealers. He then joined the Bareilly police, but was shortly afterward sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment for injuring his wife, the daughter of Thakur, whom he had abducted. In the Bareilly jail he came in contact with Tikka Ram, the head of a band of poisoners in the northwest provinces. On their recovering their liberty they resumed operations together, making their headquarters in the town of Agra. After six years of undetected crime, of which the details have not been revealed, the two fell out, and Sharfu joined the police force again, only, however, to be dismissed in a few months.

It was after this occurrence that he resumed operations as professional poisoner on his own account. His mode of working was simple. Disguising himself as a well-to-do native of Oude, he used to waylay and enter into conversation with those natives of the province who happened to be returning with their savings, His favorite scene of operation was on the Grand Trunk road. Once he had struck up a companionship with these unsuspecting travellers it was an easy matter to take food with them, and Sharfu rarely failed to introduce the opium or *dhatura* needed to drug his victims, whom he speedily relieved of their savings. Most of these unwary persons recovered when pursuit was useless, but many of them died. His operations between the years 1867 and 1872 were particularly numerous and successful; and official reports recognized the extent to which Thuggee prevailed in the Junjab during that period. In July, 1881, his secret was revealed by Tikka Ram's wife, with whom he had been living for fourteen years; and he had only just sufficient warning to make a hurried retreat into Rajpootana. There he renewed his old practices, and placed his services at the disposal of those who had inconvenient relatives to get rid of, and who would pay handsomely for the dangerous work. He long baffled the pursuit of the officials, and it was not until the present year that he was discovered, through the instrumentality of Tikka Ram, undergoing a short term of imprisonment in Agra jail under an assumed name.

Brought up for trial at Loodiana, he admittes his guilt in ninety-six cases of murder or drugging, and was sentenced to death, which was afterward modified to transportation for life. Sharfu's long impunity shows the great difficulty of detecting crime in India, at the same time that it revals the extensive organization which criminals have formed, in the Punjab at all events. Much light has recently been thrown by Dr. Leitner on the *argot* which thieves in the Punjab have framed for their own use, and of which Government officials are absolutely ignorant.

Gambling in Grain.

Mr. Hertel a heavy broker in Chicago says: "Legitimate business in this city has almost disappeared, and everybody is dealing in options. Even the old conservative firms have been obliged to adopt the new order of things."

"Then, this speculative business is on the increase?"

"Yes. Houses that used to think they had done something wonderful when they handled 7,000,000 bushels of wheat in a single day, now regard that as simply an average business."

"What is the exact mode of dealing in options?"

"Well, to suppose a case, you hear that corn, either on account of bad weather or an unusually brisk demand, is going to be scarce and consequently high in price. You therefore buy 1,000 bushels of corn, which is to be delivered in February or some future month. month. Now it is not expected that you have the money to pay for it, or that the other has the corn to deliver. You simply buy in the hope that corn will go up and that you can sell out at a higher figure, while he hopes that it will go down, thus enabling him to buy it at a less price than he has contracted for selling it."

"How much do you suppose of the grain that is thus bought and sold is actually transferred?"

"About ten bushels in 1,000,000. There cannot be more delivered than is really in existence, and every day the transactions are far far more than the entire crop."

"I presume that, like gamblers, the grain brokers couldn't get along without lambs to fleece?"

"If you want to put it that way, yes. All this option business is done through the Board of Trade, which is composed of brokers, They take orders for outsiders and charge a commission. Nearly three-fourths of the business done is for New York buyers and sellers."

"Wall street?"

"Yes, Wall street. The capitalists there get together and arrange to send up the price of wheat, but everything is done through Chicago. Our city is the great grain and provision centre, as New York is the centre of finance and stocks."

"Don't you find that this gambling in grain, as it is called, has a bad influence on other branches of business?"

"Not at all. It makes trade lively, though, I don't believe to-day that Chicago is half as solid as Cincinnati."

One three year old ostrich will yield $150 worth of feathers a year. Considering that an ostrich will eat a week's washing at one meal, if it gets a chance, and swallow a few fence-pickets for desert, there doesn't seem to be much profit in ostrich farming

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Jan. 16, 1884.

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

WHITMER & CO'S

Two Stores (connected by telephone) that aint beat anywhere "in this neck o' the woods" buy WHEAT, RYE, BARLEY, &c. Sell HARD and SOFT COAL. Manufacturers' Agents for Furniture and Farm Implements.

G. R. S. & Co., WHITMER & Co.
Spring Mills

LOCAL ITEMS.

——We still have good sleighing.

——T. G. Ehrhart, of Haines, intends to pull up stakes and go west.

——Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Keller, of this place, last week started on a trip to Iowa.

——Any one desiring to purchase an excellent little farm, read ad of John Mersinger in another column.

——Mr. Wm. Keller has raised a large class in vocal music in this place.

Mr. Jas. W. Rewalt, Wrightsville, Pa, says: I suffered from dyspepsia and heartburn, which Brown Iron Bitters entirely relieved.

Nothing but herbs, roots and seeds enter into the composition of Smith's German Oho.

——Boots and shoes for all ages, sexes and occupations, at Doll & Mingle's. No paper-filled goods kept.

——Dr. Perkins will hold a musical convention at Lewistown, commencing week of 28th inst.

——Henry Kreamer, of Miles, having sold his farm will move to Millheim where, in company with another, he will open up a meet market.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Condo, the boss coachmaker of Penn Hall, and his artistic painter, Mr. Bartges, favored us with a call. Whenever you see a handsome sleigh or buggy make up your mind these parties put up the job.

——R. M. Magee, Gen'l Agent of the Brooklyn Life Ins Co., gave the REPORTER a call a few days ago. The company is fortunate in having one so active and efficient for its general agent in this state.

——Mr. D. Hess, of Linden Hall, was here on Monday and looks healthy—no doubt from the effects of the soon-a-coming of the iron horse, and to bring on which he rendered much valuable aid.

——Any of the REPORTER readers wishing to get out cross-ties for the rail road between Spring Mills and Lemont, will read adv. in another column.

——Mr. D. J. Feidlar, of Madisonburg, is going to Missouri this spring. His sale is advertised in another column.

——At the annual meeting of the Far. Mut. Fire Ins. Co. of Centre county, at Centre Hall, on Monday, the following directors were unanimously elected: Henry Keller, Fred'k Kurtz, Samuel Gramley, H. E. Duck, John H. Musser, Dan'l Brungard, J. G. Bailey, R. G. Brett, Geo. K. Baker, S. G. Slack, S. J. Herring, Jared B. Fisher.

The board organized by electing the following officers: President, Fred'k Kurtz; Vice Prest, Sam'l J. Herring; Treasurer, Wm. Wolf; Sec'y, D. F. Luse.

——Our latest information from Milroy is to the effect that the woolen factory recently burned will not be rebuilt. Mr. Milliken does not care to rebuild, and the Thompson Brothers have not sufficient capital. So says the Lewistown *Sentinel*.

——The Evangelical congregation of Millheim are engaged preparing material for the erection of a new church during the coming summer. The structure is to be of brick, and will be a credit to the congregation and town.

——High tariff, or low tariff, who cares so long as you can buy men and boys' clothing so cheap at the Philad. Branch? The Philad. Branch has saved the people of our county more money than any tariff—they sell you the best quality of ready-made clothing for a trifle below cost, while other stores for inferior goods will charge you from 20 to 30 per cent. more.

——The musical convention to be held in this place, next month, under Dr. Perkins, one of the foremost instructors in the land, will be a first class affair. Dr. Perkins' presence settles that. His convention here, last winter, was one of the best ever held in this part of the state, and he will strive to render the coming one better still. Read ad. in another column.

——Brackbill's furniture rooms in Bellefonte are the most extensive in the central part of the state, and it is besides the oldest establishment. You are not deceived in any article of furniture purchased at Brckbills, and he keeps everything belonging to his line.

——We are indebted to Mr. Thomas Weaver, of Leadville, Col., son of Col. Noah Weaver, of Woodward, for a copy of the Leadville *Democrat*, which gives a full description of the mining operations in that section, and a portrait of all the head men of the various mines.

No sufferer from any scrofulous disease, who will fairly try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, need despair of a cure. It will purge the blood of all impurities, thereby destroying the gems from which scrofula is developed, and will infuse new life and vigor throughout the whole physical organization.

☞Choice Ohio Cloverseed for sale, and cash paid for Wheat, Rye, Barley, etc. Call before selling.
2jan4t WHITMER & Co, Spring Mills.

PARTIES that have grain to sell should be sure to sell to or call on the undersigned who will always pay the best market price, at Spring Mills and Coburn. 11oct6m I. J. GRENOBLE.

——WANTED.—A good, strong, young horse for de ivering goods.
VALENTINES STORE CO., LIM.,
Bellefonte, Pa.

——J. N. Leitzel, Auctioneer at Spring Mills, will cry sales in any part of the county, and guarantee satisfaction. Charges reasonable. Reference—Col. Josiah Neff, Centre Hill. tf

—Pure groceries at Sechlers.

WOMAN'S PROVINCE.

The Duties of the Gentler Sex—How Best Fulfilled.

What a great task is assigned to woman its dignity cannot be elevated. It is not her province to make laws, to lead armies, nor to be at the head of great enterprises, but to her is given the power to form those by whom the laws are made, to teach the leaders of mighty armies, and the governors of vast empires. She is required to guard against having the slightest taint of bodily infirmity touch the frail creature, whose moral, intellectual and physical being is derived from her. She must instill correct principles, inculcate right doctrines, and breathe into the soul of her offspring those pure sentiments which in time to come will be a part of themselves, and bless generations as yet unborn. Yes, to woman is given the blessed privilege of aiding the sufferers in all the various stages of his existence. She smiles serenely at the christening, and weeps at the burial, while she soothes the bereaved heart. Yet now can she fulfill her mission unless she is possessed of a strong and healthy body? The preparation of Dr. S. B. Hartman, and known as Peruna, is just the thing for all persons suffering from a majority of the complaints incident to this climate. It is invaluable to women, and Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, of New Lisbon, Columbia Co., is a noted example of what the medicine can do. She says she had suffered for years with congestion of the lungs, catarrh in the head, and was troubled with a bad cough. She tried a number of physicians, but they failed to cure her. She was induced to try Peruna, and immediately a marked change took place. After using one bottle her cough ceased, and in a short time her other ailments were cured. She is now completely restored to health, and gives all the credit to Peruna.

— For elegant boots and shoes the store of Doll & Mingle in the Brockerhoff house block, beats all other establishments combined. For low prices none can approach them. Go and see their stock. All goods warranted genuine.

—Subscribe for the Reporter.

—Everybody talks of attending the Centre Hall Musical Convention.

—Lots of sleighing parties hereabouts.

PENN HALL ITEMS.

The elegant sleighing made the sleigh business brisk—J. C. Condo and F. Moyer have disposed of all their sleighs. Since John Condo has returned from Philadelphia he is sporting a handsome plug hat, a Christmas gift from uncle Ike, of Philadelphia. J. W. Bartges came home from New York quite tony, and has a good opinion of the great city. The supervisors of this township have put up a number of guide boards according to law. Fred Heckman was home on a visit; he has returned again to Potter twp. and is teaching school. Mr. and Mrs. Bair, of Stephenson Co., Ill., have been visiting in town—they have been absent from home since October. George Sheesley's family, living two miles north of this place, are seriously affected by scarlet fever. Six of his children have been down with it at one time; some are now on a fair way of recovering. Mrs. Jonas Condo has not yet recovered from her fall on ice. Why don't our neighbors hurry up that bank they were talking about. Chalk us down for a customer, our purse needs replenishing. Occasionally we hear of a boom in certain localities and in some articles, but Lock Haven has a boom all the time. Fit subjects for Utah: Two young married men from Brushvalley judging from their conduct on their way home from Spring Mills church. John F. Heckman is preparing lumber to rebuild his barn next summer. Samuel Harter, of Georgesvalley, is making preparations to put up new buildings on his land near the church, which he intends to occupy. NEWS BOY.

DR. KESSLER'S CELEBRATED ENGLISH COUGH MEDICINE.

The reliable and never failing standby in croup and whooping cough unequaled as a remedy in colds and all lung troubles. Do not waste time and money and endanger precious lives experimenting with worthless medicines, but get the best at once.

Money refunded to all dissatisfied purchasers.

McDonald's improved liver pills are indorsed by eminent physicians and used by them in their daily practice. Trial package free.

Money refunded to all dissatisfied purchasers.

For smallness of dose, easiness to take and effectiveness as a worm destroyer McDonald's celebrated worm powders surpass any vermifuge on earth. Entirely vegetable.

Money refunded to all dissatisfied purchasers.

Dr. Kessler's cough medicine, McDonald's improved liver pills and celebrated worm powders are sold and warranted by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall, and all druggists and dealers in medicines.

JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia, agents.

IF AND IF.

"If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer, if you are simply ailing, or if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why. Hop Bitters will surely cure you."

"If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of business or laborer weakened by the strain of your every-day duties, or a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will surely strengthen you."

"If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case."

"Or if you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating, without intoxicating, if you are old, blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties waing, Hop Bitters is what you need to give you new life, health and vigor."

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malaria, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have a rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath, and health. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedriden, invalid wife, sister, mother, daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters costing but a trifle.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Jan. 14, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	Dec.	53	—59⅝a60⅛
Wheat	"	90⅜	—1 04½
Oats	"	32⅜	—44a45
Pork	"	14.62½	
Lard	"	8.72½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker,
31 South Third Street.

BELLEFONTE MARKET,

Grain—Wheat, 1 00; Rye, 60; Oats, 40 Corn, old 60, new 50 by L. L. Brown.

Produce—Butter 30, eggs 30, ham 16, shoulders 13, sides 12½, lard 13, potatoes 60—by Valentines' Store.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red and mix	$1.00
White & Mixed	1 00
Rye	60
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	40
Buckwheat	50
Barley	55
Cloverseed	5 00
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 25c; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 15; shoulder, 12; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 28 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3. 25; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

——When all the railroads now contemplated at Bellefonte are made, that town will be quite a little railroad centre, and more strangers will visit it than ever before because it is famous for hundreds of miles as the only town in the state that has a clothing store which sells at bottom prices, and that is the Philad. Branch.

CROCKERY.—Millheim Crockery ware—crocks, flower pots, vases, etc., are constantly kept on hand by John S. Auman at Farmers Mills. Manufactured by M. Ulrick, Jr. oct11tf

FLYING BEFORE EL MAHDI.

The city of Khartoum is now considered lost to Egypt, and Col. Coetlogon, commanding the forces there, has again telegraphed to the Khedive for instant orders to retreat. All the tribes of the provinces around Khartoum have declared for El Mahdi and the Berber tribes are raising El Mahdi's standard. The Mudir of Khartoum has advised the immediate withdrawal from the city of all the Christian population, on the ground that El Mahdi's followers will massacre all unless they embrace Mahometanism, and an order has been telegraphed from Cairo for all the Christians to withdraw, but the garrison is ordered to remain until further news shall be received relative to the advance of the forces under El Mahdi.

Col. Coetlogon's spies from El Obeid bring reports that the main body of El Mahdi's forces has been provisioned for a long march, and that it is advancing upon Khartoum in numbers variously estimated at from 70 to 90 thousand. Large crowds of the Coptic populace, including women and children, are preparing for the journey from Khartoum to Berber under a guard of troops. The Mahometan rabble of Khartoum threaten to pillage houses and plunder the baggage carried by the fugitives. There is a disaffection in the garrison of Khartoum, which has been increased by the fact that their pay is in arrears, and numbers are already deserting. The fidelity of the troops detailed to guard the fugitives is very doubtful, and it is feared that they may join the Mahometan plunderers and massacre the fugitives.

A GRAND FEAST OF SONG.

The second grand Musical Convention and Concerts at CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PENN'A.

A season of pleasure and profit for lovers of music in Centre and adjoining counties, commencing MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 11, 1884, in the M. E. Church, and closing with TWO GRAND CONCERTS, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY EVENINGS in which several musicians of talent from abroad will participate.

The musical exercises will be conducted by DR. W. O. PERKINS, OF NEW YORK, the talented and well-known author and teacher, assisted by other prominent musicians.

DR. PERKINS' new book "THE HERALD," will be used, with a collection of Choruses.

Three sessions daily—9:30 A. M., 1:30 and 7 P. M.

TWO CONCERTS, Thursday and Friday evenings, February 14th and 15th. Matinees, Thursday and Friday afternoons, particularly for the convenience of Families and Children.

Boarding can be obtained at Hotels and Private Houses at $2 for the term. A limited number can obtain boarding free by applying to the Committee no later than February 1.

TERMS:

MEMBERSHIP TICKETS to entire Convention and Concerts, but not entitling to reserved seats	$ 75
SINGERS' TICKET entitling holders to seat on Stage only	1 00
SINGLE SESSION or Rehearsal tickets	10
CONCERT TICKETS	25
CONCERT RESERVED Seats, extra	15

All are invited to come and enjoy the Musical Feast. AND. GREGG, Chairman.
JACOB B. SOLT, Secretary.

MARRIED

At Centre Hall, on Jan. 13, by Rev. W. K. Foster, Mr. E. E. Stambach and Miss Jennie Cronmiller, both of Aaronsburg.

On Dec. 27, by Rev. A. J. Boan, Mr. Martin Dale, of Housersville, Centre county, and Miss Ollie Robinson, of Clearfield.

In the Zion church, near Tussyville, Pa., by Rev. Benj. Hengst, Dec. 20, Mr. John W. Lose, of Millheim, and Miss Mary E. Strohm, of Tussyville.

Quite early the people commenced to gather in the church to witness the wedding ceremonies, until the hour came the house being filled with anxious lookers-on

The ceremonies in the church being over, the married couple, and a good number of invited guests, repaired to the residence of Mr. Jacob Strohm where a splendid dinner—a table filled with all imaginable good things, gotten up in Pennsylvania style—was ready. Soon all were engaged in doing good ——

The bride was not neglected by the guests, but was made happy by the many valuable gifts she received.

Mr. Lose is well recommended by those who know him, and mention has already been made "that he was a most useful young man in the community."

Mrs. Lose has successfully taught school for several terms in Millheim and vicinity Then and there she formed the acquaintance with Mr. Lose and on 20th Dec. accepted him a life partner. She also there became acquainted with Rev. Hengst, and finding him a minister of her choice, she named him to do the honors on the memorable 20th. May their wedded life be a happy one.

BY A FRIEND.

DIED.

On 10 inst., of consumption, Mary, wife of David Ulrich, of Penn, aged 55 years, 1 month, 12 days.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale the following valuable real estate, in Potter township:

20 ACRES OF LAND,

all clear and in a good state of cultivation. Thereon erected a two-story HOUSE, bank-barn and all necessary outbuildings. All kinds of choice fruit, a never failing spring and running water thereon. Also 14 ACRES OF TIMBERLAND about 1½ miles south of the above. For further information apply to J. W. MERSINGER,
16jan4t Tussyville, Pa.

WARNER MILLER.

The Rising New Yorker and Who May Antagonize Him.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—In speaking of the potency of Senator Miller's position in organizing New York's state senate, a Washington special to The Sun says:

When Senator Warner Miller came out of the fight for the reorganization of the senate with flying colors, republican senators who stood by him, with certain exceptions, told him to go ahead and clear the way for the Chicago convention. He went ahead, beginning with New York.

The senior New York senator is one of those who have never excused Arthur for going to Albany to help Conkling. Although the president has since done much to atone for it, they have never forgiven him, and are now less disposed to do it than ever. Much skill has been shown in reviving antipathies against Arthur for acts which he has for years prayed might be forgiven. For months after his coming into the presidency the panorama of the Garfield tragedy was operated with the adroitness of the soldier, who, to deceive the enemy, marches and countermarches his men so as to cause the few to seem to be many.

Now, the sins of Conkling, his complicity therewith, and the scenes at Albany, are rehearsed to frighten those whom Arthur has striven to conciliate. In this Senator Miller's friends declare he has proved himself the possessor of great powers for leadership. In disposing of Arthur, as they say he has done, in so short a time, he has acquired a mighty influence. To it a majority of the republican senators are submissive in matters relating to the Chicago convention.

"When New York votes for Miller in the Chicago convention as her favorite son," said a republican whom Arthur has specially tried to conciliate, "the victory over Conkling will be complete, and the Empire state's estimate of Arthur will be properly emphasized."

But Mr. Miller has his enemies and he has no more bitter opponents in New York state today than the knot of astute, far-seeing and aggressive republican leaders of St. Lawrence county. They are not cast down by defeat, nor are their resources exhausted. They propose to throw down the gauge of battle to the Millerites in the nomination of assemblymen in the fall, and dispute the wood pulp boss's rule with unyielding determination.

Around the standard of the St. Lawrence chieftains will rally all of the northern counties, the Hudson river valley men, and the southern tier republicans in large numbers, and a host of independents who will not tolerate boss rule.

Arabi on the Situation.

LONDON, Jan. 8.—A reporter of the United Press had an interview with Arabi Pacha at Colombo, Ceylon, today. Arabi was cheerful and seemed fairly contented with his enforced residence at Ceylon. When informed of the object of the reporter's visit Aribi inquired after the latest news from Egypt, and was told of the recent successes of the Mahdi, together with the action of the English government in insisting on the abandonment of the Soudan south and west of Wady Halfa and her determination of assisting the Egyptian army in the defense of the frontier. He listened to the narrative of affairs in Egypt with avidity, and when asked what he thought of the decision of the English government, said that it was a wise conclusion, giving it as his opinion that if England sent troops into the Soudan they would surely be defeated, as the Mahdi's forces were endowed with a spirit of self sacrifice and devotion which it would take a large force of experienced soldiers to subdue. "Much larger," he added significantly, "than England can at present spare for service in Egypt." "Besides," said Arabi, "Egypt will be much stronger with the loss of Soudan, as it has always required a large army to keep it in subjection, and with this army quartered in Egypt, proper Egypt could present a formadable front in case of war with a foreign power. I have always expressed the opinion, since my arrival in Ceylon, that the Mahdi would triumph, and I should not be surprised to hear of him marching on Cairo. He will not confine his operations to the Soudan, as I believe Cairo is his objective point. The withdrawal of the troops from the Soudan and the concentration of a large body of English and Egyptian troops in Egypt proper may prevent the Mahdi from reaching Cairo, but the Egyptian soldiers can hardly be depended upon, their sympathies being entirely with the Mahdi."

"Drinks" at Government Expense.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—Senator Van Wyck, of Nebraska, last spring, brought before the senate, by resolution, a budget of bills, charging the attorney-general with extravagance in his attempts to bring Dorsey, Brady and others to account. Another bundle of items of expenses has been transmitted to the senate, and as soon as this matter is published Mr. Van Wyck will make a second speech criticizing the department. He said today that Mr. Bliss had, without doubt, received about $80,000 for his services as leading counsel, and that Mr. Ker has also drawn a much larger amount than is mentioned in the reply to the resolution, and that the amount reported to have been received by Mr. Merrick by no means represents the sum to which he is entitled. The bills of the detectives employed in the star route cases form the most interesting feature of the report. "Drinks," "theatres tickets" and "car fare" have been charged with the utmost precision. A sample of these bills is as follows:

TO DETECTIVE E. J. D., Dr.:

July 30.—Langley's, drinks, ten cents; National Hotel, ten cents; Holmes', twenty cents; St. James', thirty cents.

July 31.—McCormick's, fifty cents; Langley's, twenty-five cents; Farrell's, twenty-five cents.

August 2.—Willard's, overheard conversation between Miller and Sargent: Drinks, forty cents; Farrell's, thirty cents; Joe Hammill, ten cents; National, ten cents; Langley's, five cents; St. James, ten cents; Holmes' saloon, twenty cents.

August 5.—Holmes', thirty-five cents; Hammill's, twenty-five cents; St. James', ten cents; McCormick's, watching Dectective Miller, drinks, thirty cents; Farrell's, twenty cents; Langley's, ten cents; Theatre Comique, watching Murray, drinks, fifty cents; Mahone's saloon with two congressmen, drinks, forty-five cents; watching the jury at Haggerty's, fifteen cents.

Three or four hundred dollars were spent by seven detectives for drinks and theatre tickets.

Bounties for Ninety-Day Men.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—The bill introduced into the house by Gen. Rosecrans to equalize bounties to the soldiers of the late war provides for the payment to non-commissioned officers, musicians, artificers, teamsters and private soldiers who served in the war of the rebellion, including those mustered into the service under the President's first call for 75,000 troops, who actually served ninety days or more and were honorably discharged, the sum of $8.33⅓ per month for the time of actual service between April 12, 1861, and May 9, 1865, the amount of all bounties previously paid to be deducted in computing the amount due under this act.

CAUTION.—I have this day, Jan. 11, 1884, purchased of John Cuming's his interest in 40 acres of grain in the ground on the farm of Christ and William Alexander, in Potter twp. I caution all parties against meddling with the same.
R. H. STROHECKER.

CROSS-TIES

Wanted by the Lewisburg & Tyrone Railroad Co.

ENGINEER'S OFFICE, BELLEFONTE, Jan. 10, 1884.

All ties must be made of green or living timber, white oak, rock oak, or chestnut, free from decayed knots and other imperfections. Ties must be eight feet six inches long, seven inches thick and not less than seven inch face, to be hewn parallel sides, with straight faces sawed off square and stripped of the bark. They must be delivered on the line of railroad, stacked up in neat stacks of fifty each, alternate layers crossing each other, on ground which is as high or higher than the grade of the road, and in such position as to admit of being counted and inspected.

Ties delivered at suitable and convenient places will be inspected, and bills made for all received and accepted to the 1st of each month. The payments will be made on or about the 15th of succeeding month. Address proposals to
16jan4t P. J. WHITE, Engineer, L. & T. R. R.

Sale February 13.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale, ¼ mile southeast of Madisonburg, on Wednesday, Feb. 13, the following articles: Three horses, two are young and one is a good single driver; 3 cows, one is fresh; 2 heifers, one coming in till spring, 2 calves, 1 sow, 6 shoats, good two-horse wagon, good top buggy, bob sled, log sled, cutter, plank sled, set hay ladders all complete, Wagrior mower, Bramer & Crowly reaper, used but one season and just as good as new; good hay rake, Keystone fanning mill, Centre Hall corn planter, plow, harrow, cultivator, wheel barrow, 16-foot cable chain, lead grab, single and double spread, double and single trees, horse gears, set Yankee harness, set plow gears, single harness, bridles, collars, check and single lines, halter straps, butt and breast chains, straw cutter, forks, rakes, shovels, scoop shovel, cow chains, grain cradle, cythe, wood saw. House furniture: Five bed steads, crib, cupboard, bread cupboard, breakfast table, extension table, will spread ten feet; desk, flour chest, 2 set chairs, 3 rocking chairs, Valley Chief cook stove and pipe, carpet, iron kettle, 2 tubs, wash boiler, vinegar, meat stand, barrels, 3 meat benches, kettles, grind stone, stone crocks from 1 to 4 gallons, and many other articles. Sale to begin at 10 a. m., when terms will be made known.
A. Harter, Auct. D. J. FEIDLER.

Sale, Feb. 15.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at public sale one mile east of Old Fort, Feb. 15, Friday, at the residence of undersigned the following: One horse, one mare, one 3 year-old colt, 6 head horn cattle, new iron axle 2-horse wagon, farm wagon, top buggy good as new, spring wagon, pair bob sleds good as new, family sleigh, Champion combined reaper and mower with self-rake and dropper attachments, horse-power, threshing machine, shaker and carrier, 70 feet of 4-inch belting, double plank field-roller, Keystone cultivator, 2 South Bend Chilled plows, set double driving harness, set single harness, double and single trees, fifth chain, corn in the ear, oats by the bushel, seed corn, new cook stove and pipe, extension table, sink, cupboard, set chairs, breakfast table, 2 pair bed-steads, doughtray, tubs, wash rubbers, churn, barrels, smoked meat, canned fruit, potatoes, and many other articles. Sale at 1 o'clock p. m. Terms.—A credit of one year on all bills exceeding $5; a discount of 8 per cent on all cash exceeding $5.
J. B. Leitzell, Auct. JAS. M. GROVE.

Sale, February 7.
GOING TO KANSAS!

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale, at the residence of the undersigned, two miles east of Rebersburg, Thursday, February 7, 1884: 5 Norman Percheron horses—two of them heavy mares, jet black, one ½ blood, the other ¾ blood Norman, both served by improved stock horses; one beautiful family horse, adapted to all kinds of work and driving, 5 years old, chestnut brown and ½ blood Norman; one three year old full blood, jet black; 1 a 2-year old gelding, heavy, also jet black and ¾ blood Norman Short-Horned Durham stock—6 cows, 3 of them full blooded Durham; 1 full blooded Durham bull 20 months old; 1 Durham and Devon mixed bull-calf, 3 months old; young cattle; 13 head sheep, hogs, two fine breeding sows—one Chesterwhite, the other Poland China; 10 or 12 shoats. Machinery. A splendid threshing rig—machine, shaker, and carrier; a Centre Hall power, running easy enough for threshing with 3 horses, and insured for 6 horses, as good as new; a good combined reaper and mower, gum-spring grain drill, a New York sifter fanning-mill, hayrake, 3 wagons, one a 4-inch tire wagon; 1 spring wagon, top buggy, good swell-body sleigh, log-sled, good Acme Cultivator, a 3-cornered cultivator, 2 small cultivators, 2 double harrows, 3 plows, 2 sets hay-ladders, patent stable cleaner, patent hay-fork and pully, rakes, forks, shovels, chains, good log-chain, good double field roller, double and single trees, horse-gears, set Yankee harness, set cruppers, set single harness, bridles, flynets, lines, collars, &c. Household goods. Good bureau, 3 tables, bedsteads, good No. 8 cooking stove, coalstove, stovepipe, settee, chairs, vessels, barrels, and other articles too numerous to mention. Sale to commence at ten o'clock a. m. when terms will be made known.
D. Morris, Auct. S. M. SPANGLER.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will be offered at public sale, on the premises, in Potter twp., on Friday, January 25, at 1 o'clock p. m., the following real estate as the property of Elias Horner, late of Spring twp., deceased: A certain lot of ground bounded and described as follows, viz: Commencing at a point thence north 40½° west 23 4-10 perches to a stone, thence south 47° west 4-10 perches to a post, thence north 45° west 43 perches to a stone, thence south 51° west 11 4-10 perches to a post, thence north 36° west 4 6-10 perches to a post, thence south 46° west 22 perches to a point, thence south 45½° west 28 perches to a post, thence south 32° west 12½ perches to a point, thence south 14° west 34 6-10 perches to a post, thence 56½° west 15⅝ perches to a post, thence south 71½° east 68 7-10 perches to place of beginning, containing 47 Acres and 65 Perches. Terms—Ten per cent of purchase money in hand on day of sale; dower chargeable on the premises, secured by mortgage; the interest thereof payable annually during life of the widow and principal at her death. Balance cash on confirmation of sale. JAS. C. BOAL, Adm'r.

ORPHANS COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of Orphan's Court of Centre Co., there will be offered at public sale the following property of Amos S. Reeder, late of Gregg twp., dec'd, on the premises, at 1 p. m., on Saturday, January 26, 1884, the undivided ½ interest in all that certain tract of land situated in Gregg twp., Centre county, Pa., bounded on the north by lands of Daniel Breon, on the east by lands of J. P. Heckman, on the south by lands of David Finkle and Wm. Gentzell and on the west by lands of Harvey Vonada, containing 20 acres more or less. Terms—Cash on deliery of deed.
SAMUEL HARTER,
AMLINDA REEDER Adm'rs.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE AT PINE GROVE MILLS.—A lot of ¼ acre, with 2-story house 18x32, in good condition, having out kitchen, wood house, wood and coal house, stable, and plenty of choice fruit. A very desirable home offered very cheap. A. J. ORNDORF,
2jan 1m Pine Grove Mills, Pa.

HOTEL STAND FOR SALE OR RENT.

The Stover hotel stand, at Boalsburg, is offered at private sale or for rent. The hotel is centrally located, and in good repair. Possession given on April first, next. For further information apply to
5dectf B. F. STOVER,
Bellefonte, Pa.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a valuable homestead at private sale, situated about two miles west of Centre Hall, on the old Lewistown road, consisting of a HOUSE, bank-barn, wagon-shed, outbuildings, 11 acres of ground, with the choicest of all kinds of fruits, and an excellent well of water. The land is in a good state of cultivation, adjoining the Van Valzah farm, near the Brushvalley road.
28nov3m WM. W. HORNER,
Centre Hall, Pa.

COMMISSIONERS' SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS.—In pursuance of an Act of Assembly passed on the 29th day of March, A. D., 1824, the Commissioners of Centre County will sell at public sale at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Tuesday, the 12th day of February, A. D., 1884, the following described tracts of land purchased by the County at Treasurer's sale, and which have remained unredeemed for the space of five years and upwards.

A. J. GRIEST,
H. C. CAMPBELL,
JOHN WOLF,
Commissioners.

Acres.	Per.	Warrantee Name.	Township.
400		D Carscadden	Boggs
130		John M Hall	Benner
100		James Bartram	do
100	40	J D Sugert	do
453	151	Charles Hall	Burnside
433		Jos G Wallace	do
433		Wm Bell	do
392	83	Robert Irvin	Curtin
309	19	N L Atwood	do
415		Joseph Taylor	do
448	99	Andrew Epple	do
294	21	Martha Godfrey	do
100		Joseph Kelso	do
427	129	N L Atwood	do
2 0		John Palmer	do
370		Salmuel Baird	do
304	4	Job W Packer	do
158	95	J W Packer	do
320		Jamthan Miles	do
400		J Z Long	do
400		J Z Long	do
42		Samuel Hall	do
294		Charles Bruce	do
300		N L Atwood	do
423		Thos McEwen	do
415		Jesse Brooks	do
415		Jesse Brooks	do
100		James Oliver	Ferguson
50		Richard Mosley	do
50		Richard Mosley	do
50		Isaac Buckley	do
198		Margaret Dougherty	Gregg
330		Alex McDonald	do
178	127	Andrew Carson	do
122	31	Wm Hepburn	do
50		John Irwin	Harris
50		John Irwin	do
400		Wm Brown	do
400		Robert Patterson	do
400		Robert Patterson	do
400		James Reed	do
359		Henry Antes	Haines
320		Peter Kramer	do
372		John Mackey	do
54		Isaac Shearer	Halfmoon
421	43	John Bing	do
65	89	Isaac Shearer	do
58	12	Ira Fisher	do
67	76	Isaac Shearer	do
40		Peggy Shearer	do
231		—— Moore	Huston
102		—— Williams	do
200	11	Wm Chancellor	do
215		Martha Godfrey	Howard
50		White & Nestlerode	do
104		John Brady	do
87		James T Hale	do
242	97	James Harris	do
50		Joseph Greysburg	do
217		Sarah Bonham	do
154		Joseph Green	do
25		Joseph Graysburg	do
119	15	C B Welsh	do
50		A D Harris	do
130		J J Lingle	do
80		Henry Antes	do
50		White & Nestlerode	do
217		Sarah Bonham	do
415		Martha Godfrey	do
25		Joseph Baker	do
98		John Potter	Liberty
40		—— Longbottom	do
½of200		Christian Nestlerode	do
200		Daniel Krouse	do
250		John Jackson	do
80		Robert Smith	do
100		Job W Packer	do
30		Thomas King	do
400		Mathew Leach	do
30		Thomas King	do
50		D Carscadden	do
80		Wm Gonnell	do
30		Thomas King	do
498	82	Wm Scott	do
400		Mathew Leach	do
20		Thomas Lucas	Marion
½of199		Paul Zantzinger	do
46		J J Lingle	do
400		McCoy & Linn	do
150	2	Jonathan Wolf	Miles
196	42	S Gratz	do
195	1	S Grasz	do
123	47	S Gastz	do
150		Jonathan Wolf	do
250		Jere Jackson	do
110		Hepburn & Harris	do
130	125	Simon Gratz	do
		Wm Brady	do
195	141	S Gratz	do
400		Jos Cowgell	Potter
400		Daniel Smith	do
50		Samuel Young	do
25		A Hunter	do
42		James Moore	do
400		Wm Harrison	do
400		Joseph Cowgell	do
400		James Forbes	do
100		Wm Cook	Penn
100		Wm Cook	do
423	153	Isaac Butcher	Rush
216	156	Thos Grant	do
216	153	Thos Hamilton	do
423	153	Richard Lowden	do
423	153	Daniel Fitzgerald	do
423	153	James Tower	do
423	153	Isaac Butcher	do
423	153	Jacob Wetzer	do
423	153	James Turner	do
434		Thomas Grant	do
423	153	Jos Welsh	do
423	153	Hannah Turner	do
250		White & Parsons	do
200	116	Ann Arthurs	do
294	111	Thomas Arthurs	do
456		John Brackbill	do
418		Casper Lawrence	do
104		Jos Bowman	do
453		Jane Miller	do
50		H Witmer	do
423	153	Robert Miller	do
½of434		Thos Grant	do
½of434		Thos Grant	do
75		Wm Wilson	do
423	153	Kerney Wharton	do
300		Mathias Graff	do
423	153	Henry Pinkerton	do